

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

OCTOBER 3, 1942

WHO'S WHO

J. GERARD MEARS, Managing Editor, samples the political platforms of the American Labor Party, the Democrats and the Republicans in an attempt to discover a trend in political diagnosis of "what the people want." Apparently their wants have changed and the politicians change with them. . . .

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL in his long career as an educator and director of Jesuit education in the United States, has paid particular attention to the discrimination against Negroes in the medical profession. The present alarming shortage of doctors makes a return to this problem far from an academic discussion. . . . ANNE LEE, born in New York, completed in Paris and Italy the artistic studies which she began in America. She resided in France for fifteen years and exhibited her paintings in the *Automn Salon*, the Salon of the Tuileries and in many private showings. She returned to the United States last year, after six months of the Armistice in occupied France and is now writing for many publications "to make my countrymen fully aware of the tremendous task before them." . . . HENRY WATTS, whom you ought to know, catches the fine splendor of ancient and holy pomp and ceremony in his account of the origin and history of the Red Mass. . . . A. M. SULLIVAN, who is a frequent contributor to *Spirit*, the journal of the Catholic Poetry Society of America, is well known to the readers of other poetry magazines as well. He lectures and conducts radio programs on the criticism and appreciation of poetry. His present article points to some of the reasons for our dearth of contemporary great poets. . . . THE BOOK LOG will appear in next week's issue, parading for your delectation the ten best sellers among Catholics.

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COMMENT

INFORMATION about the purpose of Myron C. Taylor's audiences with the Pope is too scarce to date to warrant any comment on its outcome. Significant, however, is the fact that President Roosevelt's personal representative has conferred with members of the Papal Secretariat of State who are specialists in racial and religious minorities. That big things are in the wind is shown, too, by the unprecedented length and frequency of Mr. Taylor's conversations with the Pope. The striking feature, however, about this journey of Mr. Taylor to Rome, is the surprising silence of those who protested vigorously in 1940, when the President sent him as personal representative to the Vatican. An ear-splitting howl went up then, with the old catchwords, "separation" of church and state and "Papal political domination," shattering the welkin. There is none of that today. Perhaps it takes a war, and such a war as this, with minorities oppressed and persecuted, small nations raped and pillaged, hostages executed wholesale, to make us realize that fundamentally there never can be a separation of church and state, in the sense that they both have to uphold, and fight and die for, the essentials of Christian morality. Perhaps through the horrors of all-out war the deaf old world will be shocked back into hearing and hearkening to the voice of the Shepherd, whose most glorious title is "the Servant of the servants of God."

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FINLAND may some day take credit for the first peace proposal in this war. Whatever may be her motive, or the influence behind it, there is a clear sign of war-weariness in the release given the press of this country by the Finnish Legation. Finland "wants to cease fighting as soon as the threat to her existence has been averted and guarantees secured for her lasting security." Our Government has never declared war against Finland but it has supreme reason to ask why Finland accepts the aid and permits the armed "cooperation" of a crowd that has not only been a threat to the existence of independent countries but has actually robbed those countries of their freedom in the greatest mass-brigandage of history. Perhaps Finland is embarrassed by her "friends." Perhaps she wants our aid in driving an unwelcome visitor out of her house. We need more evidence for this than a press release.

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IF Napper Tandy were a Frenchman, he would be talking today of the distressful things that happen in beloved France. There is occasional light, though, amid the gloom. The reign of fear and suffering has had the effect of bringing many a Curé closer to his people. In the confusion that followed the

German invasion, no small number of villages were abandoned by the local bigwig who presided over the *Mairie*. Off flew M. le Maire in panic, with his frock-coat, his moustache, his gold watch and chain, and his diploma from the Grand Orient. His place was taken by the village Curé, who took charge of relief work of the locality, the care of the sick and the transient and the general custody of order and welfare. The result has been a break in the wall of separation between a non-Christian, often hostile, governmental officialdom and the Church. That breach will not easily be closed again. France is learning today what Ireland learned of old, the value of a clergy who are close to the daily needs of their people in time of trouble and oppression.

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FOR months, and years, Americans of many types refused to believe that Japan and Germany really meant what they said when they told us that their war efforts were directed against us. It was probably our overconfidence in our potential might, and our sense of fair play—we knew that our Government was doing everything possible to avert a general war—that kept us from accepting these statements at face value. Now in a strangely naive commitment a Japanese spokesman called Okumura, in a Tokyo broadcast of September 19, claims that Japan deserves credit for starting World War II by its 1931 action in Manchuria. The seizure of Manchuria, he said, was the "forerunner of a large-scale worldwide revolutionary war against British-American imperialism," and this audacious stroke inspired the later policies of Germany and Italy. The message was undoubtedly for home consumption, but we may not close our ears to such plain talking. The Honorable Spokesman deserves our thanks for thus respectfully buttressing our war outlook and our national determination to see this job through to a thorough conclusion.

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DELINQUENCY among the young is disturbing the judges of the Domestic Relations Court. There is general agreement that crime is on the up and up (in New York, figures show a fourteen per cent increase over last year) and that a partial explanation lies in wartime conditions, which lessen spiritual values and give a false emotional stimulus which may lead anywhere. This stimulus comes, in part, as has been noted by the judges, from extremely high wartime wages paid to the youngsters, which give them a false sense of their own importance. Now, one of the judges interested in this problem, Justice Stephen S. Jackson, has suggested that this stimulation can be turned in the right direction if it is geared to the war effort.

Here is where we think we may pop up with a practical suggestion. Why not link this stimulation through high wages to the war effort, by making sure these highly paid youngsters turn a good percentage of their pay into war bonds and stamps? This would assure their not having more spending money than is good for them, and would help no end to interest them practically in a vital thing. We do not advocate any dragooning in this; we only think that it ought to be the duty of parents and guardians to see that, in addition to the forces of religion and family, this practical safeguard, which is at once a patriotic step, be taken to fore-stall delinquency among the young.

GREAT disservice is being done to Inter-American unity by the current drive among labor unions in the lands below the Rio Grande. Vicente Lombardo Toledano, key Communist of Mexico, after a springtime sojourn in our eastern cities, where he met and got the backing of influential personages, returned to his country for a while and then set out on a tour of the southern nations. His publicized aim was the upping of the war production that would assist the defense of the hemisphere. Word reaches us that his real activity consists in mapping out the Party Line and in intensifying the cell life of comrades in the Latin countries. As is well known, the political figures in those lands rarely have any affiliation with Moscow. Despite their frequent liberalist character, they are too close to their people to depart far from the true Hispanic culture. This is not true of the unions which, though small, in general, often contain the centers of Red agitation. Lombardo must be watched.

FROM Creighton University in Omaha comes a "something new" in university "toughness." Many of her alumni are now under fire on the war front. Her President, Rev. Joseph P. Zuercher, S.J., says the students will learn the discipline that will "prepare them adequately for future service as officers." Every unexcused absence from class will be punished by two hours of physical exercise or campus work, and in the case of the co-ed by a fine of one dollar. Through excessive absences the student will forfeit the right to become a member of the advance ROTC unit or, if a reserve-branch member, will become subject to immediate service in the Army and Navy through the loss of his scholastic standing. The university intends "to see that the students make [their] preparations as adequately and as speedily as possible." The policy enunciated is an answer to a demand long voiced by both students and professors throughout the country.

RIGHT NOW one and three-quarter million women are working in war industries—only one-half million short of the peak reached at the close of the last war. Ultimately there may even be five million actually engaged in the production effort which is World War II—styled by one woman as the "last"

war! Whence will they come? Doubtless from among the 22,000,000 American women between fourteen and forty-four years of age, who are now only a potential labor force—not that they are idle! More than two-thirds are houseworkers. Almost one-half have children under ten years of age. Others are engaged in that perennial function of womanhood: teaching. So it will be housewives and mothers and teachers who will be grinding lenses, packing shells and stitching parachutes.

FORTHRIGHT and brutally frank was the speech of Ralph A. Bard, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, to a labor convention in New York, September 24. Scornfully he satirized many unjustified and boastful American assumptions. All along in this war we have been hugging to ourselves the comforting conviction of our own invincibility; we have explained away enemy victories as the result of good luck or accident; we have been superciliously certain that we shall win. The Assistant Secretary's closing words must give any good citizen pause. "At this point," he observed I should shift gears and wind up with predictions of a glorious finish of our uphill fight." Instead, Mr. Bard declared: "We are still losing this war. It will take all we've got to win—what are you going to do about it?" That is straight talk and an honest question which each of us must face and answer. The scrap drive is no mere morale builder; gas rationing is not a national opportunity for amateur bootlegging and chiseling; the call to sacrifice is no joke if we are to win.

OCTOBER, the month for saying the Rosary, will be this year the month for making the Rosaries as well. With commercial sources dwindling, amateur hands are working on this task the country over. New expedients are being tried out. People are becoming Rosary-conscious. They see new possibilities in beads; of substitutes for wire; new techniques. One farmer lady had always been impressed by the beautiful text: "Those who sow in tears shall reap in joy." Weeping would bring consolation in Heaven, but would it produce rosary beads here on earth? A happy thought struck her in consequence. Plow up that patch back of the vegetable garden and plant Job's Tears. As September slips into October, behold a luxuriant crop of these wavy, musty-smelling herbs, with their neat, shiny berry-beads. (There's no trouble growing them, once you have the seed.) Now the real tears come, the job of piercing and cleaning out the individual berries. But Job was patient, even when he was not weeping, and so under her hands Rosaries are multiplying for the lads at home and overseas. What to do when the wire gives out? Well, that problem will be solved when she comes to it. So for all it will be a busy October, and prayer and handiwork will be combined in a harmony most pleasant to the Lady whose fingers laid down their spindles and skeins only in order to hearken to an Angel or to do housewifery for the Son of God and His earthly Foster-Father. May she be busy for us in the hour when our own hands can work no more.

VILLANOVA, first Catholic College in Pennsylvania, celebrated its one hundredth anniversary on September 20. Cardinal Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia, sang a solemn pontifical Mass of thanksgiving, assisted by eight Bishops, ten Monsignori and 300 members of the clergy, secular and regular. Bishop Gerald P. O'Hara of Savannah preached the centennial sermon. Because of wartime academic exigencies, Very Rev. Edward V. Stanford, O.S.A., decided that the observance of the anniversary should be restricted to one day.

ALMOST five hundred years ago, in Milan, Italy, the *Missale Romanum* was first printed. Since that time, down to our own day, this highly involved and technically difficult book was produced in Europe and imported to America. Now for the first time, an American firm, Benziger Brothers, has printed the *Missale* in an edition authorized by ecclesiastical power. From the setting of the type to the finished volume, all the work was done by United States workers. The Benziger *Missale* includes all the latest changes, even the special Common of the sainted Popes, decreed by Pius XII only last April. Masses special to certain dioceses in the United States are also incorporated into the Benziger edition.

ADDRESSING his flock in a recent Pastoral letter, Cardinal Suhard, Archbishop of Paris, points out the need for "an immense force of spirituality" strong enough to conquer and destroy the "materialism" which has "led to ruin and chaos." Only "Christian charity deriving from the redemption brought to man by Christ" can restore balance, insure the sanctity of individual and national liberty, protect the independence and solidarity of all classes, all races and all peoples.

FIRST recipients of the James J. Hoey Award for Interracial Justice were announced on September 22. They are Frank A. Hall, Director of the Press Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and Edward LaSalle, president of the Catholic Interracial Council of Kansas City, Kans. The award, in the form of a silver medal, honors the memory of the late James J. Hoey, a former Collector of Internal Revenue, who was one of the founders and first president of the Catholic Interracial Council of New York City. It is given to the two Catholic laymen—white and colored—who have made "the most outstanding contribution during the year to the cause of interracial justice."

THE NATIONAL weekly magazine of Catholic Action in Spain, *Ecclesia*, publishes an interview with Bishop Leopoldo Eijo y Garay of Madrid and Alcala, in which the Bishop declared that fourteen new churches are to be built, at the rate of two a year, in the industrial suburbs of Madrid. These new edifices are acutely needed, because while the older sections of the large cities of Spain have many churches, the rapidly mushrooming suburbs have not. Besides Madrid, Barcelona, Zaragosa and La Coruna are without sufficient ecclesiastical ac-

commodations for their working populations. Most painful of the problems vexing Bishop Eijo is the abject poverty of these workers, a social condition which he hopes to remedy by the erection of the churches. He announced:

Each one of the new parishes of Madrid will not only be a temple for Mass, it will also be a dining-hall for the poor, a school for the children, and a home for all.

The Bishop has sent his best priests into the suburbs and already there is increasing religious fervor and unmistakable signs of a spiritual revival. The Youth Association of Catholic Action, for example, has grown since 1934 from 20,000 members to 100,041, scattered through 2,000 local sections and 51 diocesan federations. At the time of the Civil War, membership stood at about 50,000 and it was then that the weekly paper *Signo* was founded. Its circulation is now over 100,000.

CREDITED with bagging the first enemy aircraft by the United States Air Forces over the European continent, Second Lieutenant Sam F. Junkin is a member of Natchez, Miss., Knights of Columbus Council No. 1034. Lieutenant Junkin received the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Order of the Purple Heart from Lt. General Dwight D. Eisenhower in London, September 13. In 1938, Brother Junkin saved the life of his cousin, State Deputy August J. Stone, of Mississippi, with a blood transfusion.

TRIBUTE to the vital faith of the Catholics serving with the American forces in Australia was paid by Archbishop Norman Gilroy of Sydney. A veteran of the first World War, in which he served before entering upon his priestly career, Archbishop Gilroy greeted our soldiers with these words:

I gladly welcome you as Catholics. You have given great edification to us since your arrival. Your piety and devotion have stimulated us to imitate your good example.

Not only have the American Catholic troops been a source of religious inspiration, but they have immeasurably raised the confidence of the Australians in a military way likewise.

WORTH recording are some of the remarks of the Latin-American Seminar on the nature and purpose of democratic government. Issued in Washington, September 15, the statement declares in part:

It is the government's function and duty to gain the general welfare and to assure right conditions of social life and allow self-governing natural groupings to serve according to their capacities the human person and help him fulfil his mission on earth and his supernatural destiny in the most perfect way possible.

The totalitarian state . . . denies and oppresses his freedom and dignity . . . makes the state the very purpose of life, and not the means through which man and man's natural groups can live . . .

Similarly sound are the findings of the Seminar on the democratic integration of self-governing but organized groups—the family, industries, professions, the Church and cultural organizations.

THE NATION AT WAR

NOTWITHSTANDING our air and naval patrols, the Japanese have succeeded in landing reinforcements on Guadalcanal Island, who joined their troops already there. It will be remembered that when our Marines arrived last month in the Solomon Islands, the Japanese on Guadalcanal retreated to the mountains, instead of resisting. Now they have counter-attacked on the night of September 12-13, and the next two days. Their main effort was directed to recapturing the airfield, in which they failed. Our Marines still hold it.

In New Guinea, the Japanese have advanced over the Owen Stanley mountains another four to six miles closer to Port Moresby. Despite the rough country they have artillery. The Australians had not found it practicable to bring guns forward, and are now handicapped by the better armed Japanese. The number of Australians fighting is limited by the number that can be supplied over the trail. The Japanese are supplying more men over the same trail, because these small Orientals do not need so much food and clothing as a white man demands. If the Australians retreat another ten miles, they can then be supplied by road, and still be thirty miles in front of Port Moresby, where American troops have arrived.

Canada has published a frank report of the Dieppe raid, showing a casualty list of nearly two-thirds of those who took part. Among these were 1,500 unhurt men, who were left behind, because there were not enough undamaged boats to take them away. 1,800 others were killed and wounded.

On the night of September 13-14, the British raided Tobruk in Libya. It started with a violent shelling and bombing for six hours, which seemed to cause great damage. Yet when troops landed just before daylight west of the city, they were overcome immediately. Another landing east of Tobruk succeeded in getting troops some distance inland, but these were quickly overcome, too. The losses have not yet been made public.

These two raids have been used as illustrative examples of what might happen if a large-scale expedition landed in Europe. This is not a sound argument. What is true of separate small expeditions, is not necessarily true for large ones.

In Russia, Stalingrad is still resisting in great spirit. The Russians on the outside have taken measures to pierce the German siege lines, and relieve the besieged city. The initial attempt has failed; others will probably follow.

Russia is expressing dissatisfaction over the fact that her allies have declined to open a second front, and do some of the real fighting. The real reasons for not opening a second front may not be divulged now, but for the time being, it looks as if the Russians will have to carry on with the aid only of supplies.

The French colony of Madagascar was invaded by British forces on September 10. There are only a few French soldiers on this island—possibly less than 2,000, against many times this number of British.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

WHEN Vice-President Wallace, in his speech in Spanish at Los Angeles on Mexico's Independence Day, added three freedoms for Mexico to the Four Freedoms already proclaimed for everybody, the last of them was "the freedom to establish schools which teach the realities of life." Judging from the Comment in last week's AMERICA, and from other expressions which this observer has heard, there was considerable perturbation in Catholic quarters as to whether our Vice-President had permitted himself to line up with the "Socialistic education" which has been such a sore trial to our Catholic brethren below the Rio Grande.

A copy of the speech itself, which I secured, does not throw any further light on the question, beyond Mr. Wallace's reminder that the original Mexican struggle for independence had in it a large element of religion, in the persons of Fathers Morelos and Hidalgo. The "clarification," therefore, which AMERICA demanded had to be sought at the fountainhead itself, and it was, I am glad to report, promptly forthcoming.

Mr. Wallace had no intention of injecting himself into the education question in Mexico, particularly as it involves Catholics and their Government down there. I gather from this statement that any use of his speech by the radicals in Mexico against the Catholics there would be deprecated by him as an unwarranted assumption. What he had in mind was simply the necessary extension of schools for the poor which is necessary if Mexico is to play its part among the democracies.

What about the expression "the realities of life"? Did that mean the purely materialistic education which the Mexican radicals are attempting to force on their people? Mr. Wallace disclaims any intention of passing judgment on this question and by the expression meant only what any American would mean by it: the ability to read and write so that an electorate may be able to pass proper judgment on current affairs. With some justifiable pride, Mr. Wallace points to his own reputation as a religious man, and insists that he considers religion first among the "realities of life."

Incidentally, Mr. Wallace's speech brings out once more the closer relations which we are forging with Mexico, which has become our ally in the war. Immigrants are to be allowed to flow in to help us in our agricultural problem, and we are promised that they will not be treated as badly as they were in the last war. As I have already pointed out, relations between our labor unions and the Mexican syndicates are bound to be closer, a fact which also invokes melancholy reflections, for it was the A.F. of L.'s relations with the notorious CROM which aggravated the persecution of the Church in the '20's. At the present time, there is some mystery connected with the recent visit of Lombardo Toledano to this country and his subsequent departure for South America with letters from the CIO, and apparently from other high officials. Lombardo is the Number One Stalinist in Mexico.

WILFRID PARSONS

POLITICAL PLATFORMS INDICATE THE WAY THE WIND IS BLOWING

J. GERARD MEARS

COMPARATIVE study of New York State's—or any other State's—political platforms might be looked upon as a rather dismal waste of time—akin to listening to radio “commercials”—were it not for the fact that they definitely indicate what politicians think the people want. “What the people want,” at this particular time in our national history is interesting, and politicians are supposed to be very acute diagnosticians of the slightest whim of Demos: the people—you and I. What practical faith can be put in their actually bringing about this Utopia built on the people's wishes is another matter. After all, we were not born yesterday!

Examining the rival platforms of New York State's gubernatorial candidates might seem, not only a waste of time, but a very narrow sampling of the state of the Nation. Perhaps, then, we had better say that these platforms—the Republican, Democratic and American Labor Party—give the direction of the political and social wind only in the Northeastern part of the country, omitting, of course, the planks which have interest only to New York, such as the approval of the St. Lawrence Waterway and the bemoaning of the lack of war contracts to the New York area and the consequent unemployment and hardship on small plants in New York State. Perhaps the direction of the wind in every section of the nation would be too confusing, like those weather-maps of the entire United States, with the wind swirling around every which way. Furthermore, only fifty-seven people in the United States have read the whole of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* and nobody has read all of the platforms of all the parties of forty-eight States.

To begin with the religious element in the platforms; the Democratic Party mentions God three times: “In our hearts we carry an indestructible faith in God and country” . . . “and other nations who realize that they have been despoiled of their God-given rights by tyrants.” . . . “So help us God.” The Republicans recognize the Deity once. “Out of the suffering and horror of this war there shall rise, with God's help, the foundations of a lasting peace.” The American Labor Party does not mention God at all.

THE WAR EFFORT

All platforms avow and pledge full support to Franklin D. Roosevelt in his capacity as Commander-in-Chief (although the Republicans do not

refer to him by name and reserve the right to criticize the management of the war effort—“the blundering, the inefficiency and the inconsistency in policies”). All parties are in full support of the war effort and want no appeasement or any talk of peace, short of a complete and smashing victory over “the last vestige of totalitarian aggression” (Rep.); “the forces of fascism, unleashed on the world by Hitler” (A.L.P.); “the enemy who has debauched half of the civilized world” (Dem.). The all-out prosecution of the war, support of the President and denunciation of appeasers and isolationists is unanimously approved.

Unanimity is also achieved, explicitly in the Republican and Democratic platforms, implicitly in the A.L.P.'s—that in the post-war world the United States must not be isolationist:

The Democratic Party recognizes that the price our nation must pay to gain the Four Freedoms for the peoples of the world and to achieve a lasting peace for ourselves, is to accept international responsibilities. The United States must prepare to assume its proper place in the family of nations. Isolationism in the peace after victory is to be shunned as much as isolationism in the waging of the war. . . . Our destiny is to preserve democracy. Our duty is to avenge an outraged world. (Dem.)

. . . The United States must be prepared to undertake new obligations and responsibilities in the community of nations. We must cooperate with other nations to promote the wider international exchange of goods and services, to broaden access to raw materials, to achieve monetary and economic stability and thus discourage the growth of rampant nationalism and its spawn, economic and military aggression. As a further safeguard we must join with other nations to secure the peace of the world, by force if necessary, against any future outbreak of international gangsterism. (Rep.)

The four freedoms must be spread throughout the earth. (A.L.P.)

There is a strong wind blowing, then, blowing away all former aversions to “foreign entanglements” and against “policing the world.”

SOCIAL WELFARE

Returning to our own internal concerns there is an extremely social-minded trend. “Society,” say the Republicans, “has a permanent, deep rooted obligation to its aged, its blind, its sick, its unemployed and its dependent and handicapped children.” All Parties pledge increased and expanded insurance against the miseries of unemployment and old age, dependency and disability—and the steady improvement of the conditions of the com-

mon people. Public health is to be tended carefully. Consumer cooperatives are encouraged by the Democrats and the A.L.P.

The American Labor Party is more specific on this matter of social welfare and relief agencies. It wants the establishment of centers for the care of children whose mothers are employed in war industries, State purchase of coal and other commodities, to be sold at cost to the consumer. They propose:

... extended State aid to a recreational program with: extension of adult-education evening courses, opening of more playgrounds, free concerts and educational trips. . . . We favor an extended system of school lunches paid for from State funds.

The State must take steps now to insure adequate medical care. Doctors may have to be drafted for civilian work and assigned to badly protected areas. We favor State health insurance to help the population meet medical costs.

In general, all Parties subscribe, more or less enthusiastically, to more social-welfare action on the part of Federal and State agencies, with special emphasis on State insurance and compensation.

LABOR AND CIVIL LIBERTIES

Labor has a good friend in both the Republican and Democratic Parties, according to the platforms. Both are pledged to promote the rights and insure and advance the gains which Labor has made. Anti-injunction laws and criminal laws against strike-breaking agencies are to be enforced but "labor gangsters and labor racketeers" also come in for some harsh words. Mediation of labor disputes is to be greatly expanded. The Labor Party, needless to say, had much to say about itself.

Everywhere unions have agreed to abandon special pay for overtime and premiums for holiday work. The answer of the press and the industrialists has been bitter criticism of the unions for the few, uncontrollable outlaw stoppages which have occurred since Pearl Harbor. There has been no similar paralleled effort on the part of the industrialists to equalize the sacrifice already suffered by the labor movement.

Civil Liberties are hailed as the only way we can prove to the world our "spiritual leadership."

Existing race prejudice, as exemplified by poll taxes, discrimination in war production and the armed forces, makes our otherwise solemn pronouncements of democratic principles a hollow mockery. (Rep.)

The Labor Party urges "the elimination of 'loyalty tests' for aliens on the basis of national origin alone" and urges increased use of alien doctors and Congressional passage of the Geyer Anti-Poll-Tax Bill. No racial names are mentioned. While the Republican and Labor Party programs obviously denounce discrimination against Negroes in industry and the armed forces, the Democrats let it go at approving low-rent housing for workers, regardless of race or color.

TAXATION AND PUBLIC UTILITIES

Taxation—always a troublesome matter in political platforms—brings out diverse views. The Democrats advocate the elimination of unjust as-

essment on real estate and recognize the burden of the real-estate taxpayer. They do not go into the tax question very deeply. The Republicans glory in the fact that through a Republican Legislature being unpleasantly uncooperative with a Democratic Governor, "the taxpayers have been saved an annual State real-property tax of \$26,000,000, a business turnover tax of \$30,000,000 and an increase in income tax of \$15,000,000." They recommend a State-wide survey of the tax burden on real estate and home owners and prompt remedial action. The A.I.P. again is more specific and more inclined to "soak the rich":

We oppose a sales tax. We favor higher taxes on utility profits; . . . increased corporation taxes, a tax on stock transfers and inheritances in addition to a basic form of graduated income taxes, bearing most heavily on the higher income brackets.

As on taxes, so on the question of Public Utilities, there is not that fine concord that appears in the larger issues. The Labor Party says gas and electric rates are too high and based on inflated values and favors legislation to enable municipalities to construct their own power plants. The Republicans oppose the sale of the people's interest in the State water-power resources. "This opposition includes the licensing or leasing to any private enterprise of the people's undeveloped water-power resources." The Democrats succinctly state that the public waters of the State be preserved and developed for the people "and all electric utilities which use the public waters be licensed and made to pay a rental for all waters so used." There seems to be a little undercurrent here.

There—but for many minor omissions, such as the farmer's lot in the Northeast, which is very bad, and the welcoming of women into the arena of national affairs, which is very cordial, and the importance of the franchise to the armed forces, which is very serious for them and for the Parties—is the state of the Nation according to platform writers in this increasingly unimportant sector of our country.

It is the blueprint for Utopia, designed by those who know what we want and are prepared, at this point, to go to any lengths, which are feasible, to give it to us. Public welfare and changing weather conditions may force some minor changes—but that is the way the wind blows now. Whoever wins in November, New York State is in for some pretty fine government according to the platforms.

Where are the issues of yesteryear? Many are missing completely, and many violently controversial political disputes have become blended into sweet accord. There are, it is true, undertones of coolness toward certain innovations, but in both the major platforms there are items over which the old guard would have snorted: "Socialism!" and grown purple in the face. Now, a certain barbershop harmony, at least, is achieved, as though a Union Leaguer, a Tammanyite and a New Dealer all harmonized *Sweet Adeline* at the annual outing of Local 206.

And, oh yes, the Democrats want "in our schools greater emphasis to be placed on American history." Which is a good point.

CALL FOR MORE DOCTORS IS OUR MOST URGENT EMERGENCY

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL

A RECENT Associated Press dispatch tells of the strenuous efforts of West Milford, New Jersey, to keep its only physician, Dr. Harold Geiger. A married man and the father of three children, he has been sworn into the Army as a First Lieutenant and at the present time is awaiting call to active duty. Meanwhile, 1,533 resident of the "sprawling" (A.P.'s adjective) New Jersey town of 3,500 have sent petitions to Major General James C. Magee, the Surgeon General of the War Department, asking for the deferment of their only doctor. Further complications in the case of West Milford come from the fact that it has a summer population of 15,000.

West Milford's plight is by no means an isolated one. The United States Public Health Service recently surveyed 286 industrial centers and found most of them similarly handicapped in the case of the medical profession. Many of these centers do not include the new "boom" towns throughout the nation. True, we have a national Procurement and Assignment Service whose purpose is to register and place doctors. Unfortunately it lacks authority in assigning to civilian centers necessary services of the medical profession. But even if it had such authority, the number of doctors available is limited. There are some 155,000 practising physicians in the country. Mr. Paul McNutt, Chairman of the Man Power Commission, estimates that our Army and Navy, with an eventual enrollment of 9,000,000 men, will take half of these 155,000 practicing physicians.

Our sympathies go out to West Milford, to similar communities and likewise to Major General Magee. The latter must consider not only the West Milfords and smaller habitations of the nation, but also the larger cities and vast metropolises. All will be affected proportionally by the departure to the armed forces of the local physician, surgeon, dentist, veterinarian, nurse. And all the while, the Surgeon General and his medical colleagues in the Navy and in aviation are striving by every means commensurate with their human strength and that of the medical profession to see that no "apparent hardship is inflicted" on the non-military division of the nation, or upon the growing millions in our armed forces. Neither group, it is our aim, will be "left without medical assistance" here or abroad.

Further, plans to provide such enormous assistance must envision the military and civilian needs not merely of 1942 but also 1942-1945 and of

1945-1948, for though the war may not, pray God, last that long, its ravages, physical and military, undoubtedly will persist for years to come in the medical ranks, and possibly among civilians. While, then, the immediate concern of such leaders as Surgeon General Magee, Mr. Paul McNutt and Dr. H. G. Weiskotten, Secretary of the Council on American Medical Education and Hospitals, is to ration the medical resources at hand, the complete strategy must include the whole health problem of the entire nation for 1942-1948.

It is encouraging then to read in Dr. Weiskotten's *Presentation of Educational Data* (Journal of American Medical Association, August 15, 1942) that as a result of the new accelerated program of our medical schools, whereby the usual four years course will be completed in three years of thirty-six calendar months, we shall have in June, 1945, some 5,082 additional newly graduated doctors. In round numbers this means a total of 21,000 new doctors. "Never before in the history of this country," declares Dr. Weiskotten, "have as many as 21,000 physicians been graduated from its medical colleges within a three-year period." Death will take its ordinary toll of doctors during this time, even more than usual, but even so, "the estimated number of graduates of the approved medical schools during the next three years," Dr. Weiskotten estimates, "provides more than two graduating physicians for every death" among our doctors.

Heartened by this, we naturally inquire: are there possibilities or hidden sources for more doctors not merely as of 1942 but of 1945-48? The reply in one instance at least is not so heartening. I refer to the case of the young Negro American, eager to become a doctor. In certain parts of the nation, he finds his color is a barrier to his entering the college nearest his home, where others, his fellow American citizens, pursue their pre-medical studies and also can obtain their bachelor's degree, if the latter is desired or may be necessary. But granting that he secures the required pre-medical courses and that he is now eligible academically to enter the best medical colleges, he soon discovers that due to this or that obstacle (the total adding up, again, to the color of his skin), he is unable to matriculate at the best school of medicine in his neighborhood or state, even at the state university, supported by his and his fellow citizens' taxes.

Again, when he wins his coveted medical certificate or diploma, he is seriously handicapped in

pursuing the practical year of internship. Only a comparatively limited number of hospitals allow the Negro to compete for this essential apprenticeship. More restricted still is the further opportunity to spend another year or more of internship or training in a specialized field of medicine. Finally, as a full-fledged, capable doctor of medicine, he cannot free himself, in many parts of the United States of America, from the trammel of that same color with which he was born through no fault of his.

Prejudice against the Negro, in this case of his being declared to be the inferior, *ipso facto*, of a white doctor, brings a terrible retribution to the nation in times of emergency, such as the present one of our being in a life-or-death global war. If fortunately we learn our lesson, the resulting freedom will have been obtained by the hard—yet in the event, happy—way. Just now, when doctors are so essential to our armed forces and unarmed citizens, any exclusion of a Negro from a pre-medical college or school of medicine, from further internship, takes on the species of moral sabotage.

A more pleasant view of the tragic need for doctors in war time and in the years of rehabilitation that are to follow, centers attention on the possibility of increasing the number of women in medicine. They as a class should be proud of their record. No doubt all of us have met or know of women doctors, who are truly benefactors of human kind. Nor have their ministrations as medical samaritans been confined to the more gentle sex, let the lady Hippocrates inform any benighted mere male! And furthermore, this branch of medicine has yet to celebrate its centenary in the United States.

The first woman who received the degree of Doctor of Medicine from an American school was Elizabeth Blackwell. She pursued her professional courses at the Geneva Medical College, now the Syracuse University College of Medicine, and was graduated in 1849. By a strange coincidence, in the following year, 1850, the first medical school for women was organized. Its opening class consisted of seven students. This Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania is still functioning and has the distinction of being the only medical school in the United States which teaches women students exclusively. However, seventy-one of the seventy-seven approved medical schools in the country accept women students.

Although almost a hundred years have been counted since the first American woman doctor graduated, and the case-record of her successors has been most gratifying, somehow the total number of newly graduated women doctors in 1942 was only 279. This, compared to the number of men who received their certificates at the same time, was 5.4 per cent. As a surprise, and contrary to the educational law of averages, this was higher than the average, 5.3 per cent, of the total number of women (1,164) studying medicine during 1941. Usually, a graduating class is much smaller than the other three years in a medical school or in any other college. This is a tribute to the perseverance

of women doctors. In all, it is estimated that there are at most some 7,500 women doctors in the United States. Meanwhile, with the development of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, their need of a proportionate medical staff, preferably female, becomes daily more urgent. President Roosevelt has set the present limit for the WAAC at 25,000. To care for them, we are told in a recent press dispatch, 150 women doctors will be required. Again, this means fewer doctors for the American family. Quite naturally there arises the question, should there be more women doctors?

Yes, emphatically answers Dr. R. R. Spencer of the National Institute of Health, Bethlehem, Md. In the July issue of *War Medicine*, a new quarterly published by the American Medical Association in cooperation with the division of medical sciences of the National Research Council, Dr. Spencer urges that college women of "strong physique," who "have the will to serve humanity and who have special aptitude in the biological sciences be encouraged to major in such subjects with a view to earning a Doctorate of Philosophy or Medicine." The same writer is of the opinion that "as a rule women have not been encouraged to enter the medical profession"; furthermore that such a policy is "short-sighted and a bit ungenerous to those women who have had the urge to make their social contribution in the field of medicine."

Having heard of the great good, physical and moral, accomplished by certain Catholic women doctors in the United States, I have tried to learn how many there are, but so far I have been unsuccessful. Is their number proportionate to non-Catholics? Do our Catholic colleges for women urge their students "with special aptitude in the biological sciences to major in such subjects with a view to earning a Doctorate of Philosophy or Medicine"?

There is an outstanding missionary Congregation of nuns whose members have such doctorates. But naturally such a missionary and even religious vocation is limited. For a laywoman with the proper biological aptitude, I daresay there is no higher professional or business career than that of a doctor. It is an old saying, though open to argument, I know, that next to the priesthood, medicine offers men the greatest opportunity for moral and social good to our brethren in Christ. Personally I believe that with proper reservations the saying applies to women in medicine. In addition, we now have and shall have for some years the further patriotic motive that our nation needs more doctors and therefore, in greatly increased numbers, more women in medicine.

May I repeat a war-time question raised in a previous article (*Accelerated Program in Medical Training, AMERICA*, July 25, 1942): Could not some of the failures, native as well as foreign-born, before State Boards, from approved and unapproved medical schools, be salvaged by personal attention on the part of medical faculties to become assistant doctors, or, at least, more than trained male nurses? Salvaging, in time of war, should not be limited to the inanimate.

FAITH AND A MOUNTAIN SHRINE

ANNE LEE

IT was a place of pilgrimage high up in the Maritime Alps. It consisted of a very old church in stucco and tiled roofs on a wide-open table land, almost at the top of the world, and it had an unmistakable atmosphere of sanctity about it. The church harbored a statue of the Virgin, called miraculous, which was in a state of advanced dilapidation, and I had been charged with its restoration. Every morning I climbed up by a rocky path with a rucksack on my back, full of tools and materials, from the little village halfway down the mountain. It was up above the timber line, and there were no singing birds, only rock-birds. A profound silence enveloped the place.

The church rested on a green plateau whose grass was kept close-cropped and velvety by the flocks of sheep that occasionally came to graze on it. The site had been chosen centuries ago, by shepherds who had seen the Virgin in a burning bush, pointing to it. All around, you could see the glaciers and the valleys, and far to the south, the Mediterranean, its horizon lost in the haze. On certain days when there was humidity in the air, you could see as far as the island of Corsica.

The pilgrims came only four times a year, in procession, to ask favors from Heaven of the Virgin: at Easter, at Pentecost, at the Nativity and the Assumption. It was rare that anyone came, outside these dates. Days on end, the place saw neither hiker nor worshiper. The church was built of the stones that had been lying about, and covered with stucco. All the materials that had gone into its construction, sand, plaster, ornamentation, had been carried up steep mountain paths on the backs of mules.

This particular place of pilgrimage is one of the most celebrated in the Maritime Alps in France, and is becoming more so. It is about fifty-two kilometers from Nice. There are an important series of sanctuaries dedicated to the Madonna in this region, not the least of which are the Madonnas of Utelle, Laghet, LaGaroupe, and la Fenêtre (on the Italian-French border). The miraculous Madonna of Utelle was crowned in June, 1938. It was an impressive ceremony, performed on the mountain-top by the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Valerio Valeri, before a crowd of thirty thousand people.

The shrines have all taken on a tremendous importance with the people, under the impact of war and the distress of the Armistice. The independent, far-sighted and realistic policy of the Bishop of Nice is no doubt responsible for a great deal of this. He is a great friend of the Pope, and former *Aumonier* for the French armies in Syria.

My work on the statue had progressed for some time. The unconsumed candles that the pilgrims had left—there were hundreds of these lying about in boxes in the cloister—served me for light on dark days, and for warmth when it was cold and damp. The statue had been taken down from its niche above the main altar, and had been transported to the center of the sanctuary. They had taken it down in a curious way; they had turned it around and had laid it carefully on its back across three twisted sheets whose ends were held tightly by six strong peasants, three on each side. In this way they had been able to carry it—for it was heavy—without damaging the out-stretched arms, and the angels which surrounded it at its base. It was, however, in an almost ruinous condition, for the rain had poured over it for years from the leaky ceiling of the niche. It was understood that my work was to be only the refection of the robe, which was flaking off badly, and I had promised the Bishop not to re-touch the face of the Virgin.

There she was, carved out of pear-wood, pieced together, and re-painted by some Italian sculptor of the eighteenth century, evidently a workman of deep religious sensibilities. She was mounting to heaven, carried away by baby angels, her face somewhat discolored, looking up with an expression that was a little the worse for the humidity. Her shapely lips, slightly drawn apart in a celestial smile, were seared with rain, and the heavy varnish of the cheeks was washed away in places, giving her a drawn, careworn expression. She was like a beautiful woman, smiling across her tears. Her hands were stretched out graciously, one receiving the gifts from Heaven, the other pouring them gently over the earth. Her blue robe, gathered around her knees, and falling in great folds at her feet, was copiously sculptured with roses and with a flower that should have been a lily, but which I took for an asphodel.

I passed long days before her on the platform that had been built around the base and, the better to isolate myself, I had made a sort of cage of sheets which enclosed us both. The Abbé had given me orders to close the doors of the church during my work of precision, for the interior of the church was often the prey of the wind and humidity from without. The saltpetre which hung like fluffy stalactites from the cornices was witness to these elements.

I had cleaned off the old layer of *gesso d'oro* and, having re-glued into place the twenty-odd missing pieces of wood which had separated themselves from the statue and had fallen into the chipped-off

plaster of the niche, I replaced the *gesso*. I had incised the thirty flowers of the robe, put on the rouge and was preparing the application of the gold leaf. My work was nearing completion. The statue had taken on a newness of appearance that was totally unreal in relation to the untouched face. In applying the fragile gold leaves, every fluctuation of the air around me was disturbing. I lived breathless moments, my nerves taut.

This had gone on for some time when, one day, I thought I heard from above me, something half-voice, half-thought, "Go and open the door, there is someone there." At first, I did not quite understand, and kept on with my work. Presently it said again, "Go, there is someone at the door." I put down my little book of gold leaf and listened. Had I really heard a voice? Was there really someone at the door? There was an unaccountable silence. Everything was still around me. There were not even those meaningless sounds, those muted sounds which one sometimes hears, faintly, coming from a great distance. I was uneasy and I could not continue until I made sure.

I got off the platform and went to the back of the church, crossed the cloister, and undid the great door, taking down the beam that had been thrown across it to shut it to the wind. As I pushed back the two panels, a strong wind full of salt air from the distant sea struck me full in the face, and the light almost blinded me.

There was a woman standing there, rather young, and beautiful to look at, but with tired eyes and drawn lips. Her curls were falling about her head in the wind, and she was trying vainly to brush them back. I saw that her left leg was crippled, and that she was leaning on a cane.

"Did you knock?" I asked her.

"No, I didn't," she replied. "I saw that the doors were closed, and I was rather disappointed."

"Have you come from far?" I asked.

"From Antibes by autobus, and from Saint Jean by the short-cut, on foot."

"But it is seven kilometers to here from Saint Jean, and bad climbing," I said.

"I got lost," she explained, "but it doesn't matter."

I asked her to come in, and we walked to the center of the church where I lifted the sheets around the statue. She was already on her knees on the marble floor. Some time passed; it seemed like an eternity, and then she rose and came toward me in the cloister. Her face bore a beatific expression.

"I am sorry, but you have come too late to share my lunch with me," I remarked. "Have you anything to eat with you?"

"I haven't had anything since yesterday," she replied, "I didn't bring anything with me because I thought that I might get a glass of milk in this place."

"Unfortunately there's no canteen here, and what cattle have not been marched off to the army are kept close to the village below. I don't drink wine when I work, and I have nothing but tea. Will you share a cup with me?"

She accepted willingly, and I got some water from the cistern and started to boil it on my alcohol lamp. I poured some of my precious, last-remaining drops of alcohol into the lamp, but I had to replenish it, because at that altitude the water boiled less rapidly. It was at least three-quarters of an hour before the tea was made. She was very tired, but she did not complain. Indeed, she seemed to want to talk, and very briefly she told me her story:

"I was evacuating my mother and my little girl from Paris while the Germans were approaching. They were already in the vicinity when we left. We started to move southward, but the roads were blocked with refugees, choked everywhere with every sort of vehicle. One night my mother died very calmly in her sleep by the roadside. My little girl had become separated from me. Strangely enough, I found her several days afterward in a village off the beaten path, whither I had gone to look for a piece of bread. She was coming toward me down a crowded street, and she saw me and threw her arms around me. She took me to the peasants who had been caring for her, and where I found her poor frightened nurse. They had all been machine-gunned by German and Italian aviators, but they were unharmed. My husband, a pursuit pilot, had been shot down over Amiens. He was saved and is well. My son, a midshipman on the *Strasbourg*, was on his ship when the British warships attacked it. He jumped overboard into a sea of boiling oil. He was later saved by British sailors. He is quite well now."

"Will you tell me how you got here, with the service of the cars at a stand-still? It is a good eighty kilometers from Antibes to Saint Jean."

"I must have been particularly fortunate," she replied. "I was able to get the first bus out of Antibes at dawn. They had stocked up on charcoal and the fires were going well, but the bus was crowded and the load heavy. The propelling by carbon gas is far from perfection, as you know. There were frequently delays, and a woman in the back seat was almost overcome by the charcoal fumes from the stove appendage in the rear. They had to stop and let everybody out. After that, we were transferred twice, and once we were left standing by the side of the road to wait for another bus to come along and pick us up. The people who could get in were jammed like sardines. From the *Route Nationale*, outside Nice, I got on a cart driven by a peasant with a white mule, a white mule that the man had refused to give up to the authorities. He was transporting a load of manure which oozed badly down my back."

"You are very brave," I remarked.

"You see, it was the best I could do," she replied. "After that I hitch-hiked up the valley toward Saint Jean. A man came along, alone, on a tandem bicycle, and he took me on. It was hard going on the grades, but I pushed with my good leg. He didn't complain when he knew where I was going. He asked me to pray for the victory of the English. At Saint Jean, I took the short-cut up the mountain and got badly lost. The path branched off into

a sort of wooded precipice, and I only found it out when I was almost over the brink."

"It is a false trail. I know it very well, and I shudder for you," I said.

"It doesn't matter, I got here."

"Then you did not come here to pray for favors, as the others do?" I asked her.

"Not for myself, I have been heaped with favors," she replied. "I was thinking of our people. It is not only that they are ill-fed, nor that they are enchain'd. They have become so subdued, so inarticulate in their misery. It is as if they were stricken deaf and dumb, and it is so easy to misunderstand them. In reality, each one is courageous in himself, but that is not enough. One brave man who isolates himself to fight is already beaten, if he fights for himself alone. They must march together. How insidious are the words of Cain, "am I my brother's keeper?"—so like the Nazi propaganda that has been injected into us for so long, to divide us. We are not alone in the world, and our concern for ourselves should not be above that of our brothers. Then, too I was thinking of what the man said on the bicycle."

There was a pause while the church grew dark, The wind was rising. It came in heavy gusts that beat against the panes of the windows high up in the wall. "There must be a storm brewing," I remarked. "You had better spend the night in the village below. I could put you up, or you might be able to get a good bed in the inn. The innkeeper is an Alsatian woman married to one of our peasants in the other war. She keeps her truck-garden going well. There isn't much to eat around here, you know, but she would gladly give you a bowl of soup."

"No, thank you, you are ever so kind. I think I'll try to get back tonight. They're waiting for me." Then, looking at the statue of the Virgin, she said in a meditative voice, "She is lovely, that Virgin. This is really the first time I have seen her. I think she has given something to me, just the same. I wonder who the sculptor was—probably an Italian. What a joy to be able to give, out of shapeless material, such an unusual expression of beauty to a face."

She went back the way she came, plodding along on her cane. I saw her going down the mountain, struggling with the wind, her hair tumbling about her face and into her eyes. As she descended the steep path, each rolling stone under her lame foot must have put her to torture. But as far as I could see, the look of beatitude which had encircled her face in the sanctuary never left her.

I never saw her again, nor heard of her, but when I turned back, the wind was dying down and the clouds had rolled far to the north. Inside the sanctuary there seemed still to be clinging something of her atmosphere about the place. Through the west window in the choir-loft, a ray of sun was shining full on the face of the Virgin transfiguring it, giving it an expression of freshness, a sort of new beauty—that poor seared face that the Bishop had not wanted changed or re-touched—was already re-made.

THE RED MASS FOR JUDGES AND LAWYERS

HENRY WATTS

WHEN the Catholic Lawyers' Guild inaugurated the judicial year with the celebration of the Red Mass, there was brought once again into prominence one of the most stirring and most deeply spiritual observances of the medieval Church. For this very ancient liturgical institution—which is a votive Mass of the Holy Ghost—takes its name, in part, from the red vestments worn by the sacred ministers of the Mass, and also, in part, from the academic splendor which surrounded the distinguished personages who assisted at the Mass: the civil judges in their brilliant robes, and the doctors of the faculties who were present in their scarlet gowns—for the scarlet gown is one of the distinctions of the doctorate in all the faculties.

In the United States the celebration of the Red Mass is a fairly recent institution. The ancient tradition was inaugurated in our country in 1928, when the Catholic Lawyers' Guild in New York met in the old Saint Andrew's Church on Duane Street for the Red Mass, at which the late Cardinal Hayes presided at the throne, attended by members of the Papal Orders of Knighthood. At this first celebration of the Red Mass there were present some 250 to 300 judges of the Supreme Court, Appellate Court and Municipal Court, with a number of former judges and lawyers. Many Jewish and Protestant members of the legal profession were present at that Red Mass, together with their Catholic brethren, on that sixth day of October, 1928.

There was great propriety in the celebration and the place chosen; for the old Church of Saint Andrew was close to the Federal and State Courts, which was quite in order. For it was the invariable custom, in the Ages of Faith, for the Red Mass to be celebrated in a church or chapel close by the royal courts of justice.

The liturgical custom inaugurated in New York in 1928 has spread. Today the Red Mass is celebrated annually in California, Illinois, New York, Pennsylvania and in the District of Columbia. In 1941, the Red Mass was celebrated for the first time in Boston, with the Cardinal Archbishop presiding, when the judicial year of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts opened with this solemn invocation of the Holy Ghost. It is to be noticed that jurists of other faiths usually are present at this great act of Catholic worship.

But although this beautiful and inspiring liturgical ceremony is becoming more widespread—in fact, there are places where it has never been discontinued—students of liturgical history are hard put to find its origins. Are we to look for its sources in Rome, in Paris, or in the city of Westminster by London? Articles on votive Masses say nothing

about it; histories of the ancient European universities may throw some light on the subject. But until some enterprising student of history comes across an ancient and hidden manuscript, we are not likely to know just exactly when and where the Red Mass was first celebrated. But it is fairly certain that its origins go back much earlier than the sixteenth century, to which some writers have ascribed its origin. Meanwhile we can go only on what facts have been brought to light. Perhaps the late Mr. Sergeant Pulling in his *The Order of the Coif* could tell us something, if a copy of this rare book could be discovered in some library.

However, so far as England is concerned (and the same may be said of the other countries of Europe) the celebration of the Red Mass was held at the opening of the parliamentary year, of the juridical year and of the academic year. That is, it was liturgical observance for Parliament, the law courts and the universities. But indications seem to point to the fact that it was first associated with the law and the judicature.

Now whether Rome or Westminster may claim first place in this celebration of the Red Mass must be left to some patient scholar willing to range over the centuries. There is, however, this much which may give some guidance. In the reign of Edward I, King of England, who was crowned in Westminster Abbey on August 18, 1274, and died in 1307, there were twelve judges of the High Court who sat in the King's Court at Westminster. Of these twelve judges (all of them doctors of law) ten were priests and canons of the cathedral chapter of Saint Paul's in the city of London, and it seems that these canons of Saint Paul's who were also the King's judges, attended a Red Mass at the opening of the juridical year. This may possibly have been in the Chapel of Saint Stephen, in the ancient Palace of Westminster, perhaps in Westminster Abbey itself.

On the other hand, an equally good case might be made out for giving the Sacred Roman *Rota* first place in this liturgical chronology. Innocent IV, who was Pope from 1243 to 1254, first gave the *Rota* its judicial form, though he did not originate it, but designated it as a distinct class from the chaplains of the Roman Curia. So the origins of the Red Mass may quite possibly be found in the years of this Pontificate, or perhaps during the reign of Nicholas IV, who in 1288 appointed the auditors of the *Rota* as permanent jurists for the provinces of the Pontifical States.

Then, there is another likely source which hints at the possibility of the Red Mass originating in Paris at the opening of the academic year or the judicial year. There is this much of certainty: the Red Mass inaugurating the judicial year was undoubtedly celebrated in La Sainte Chapelle, that glorious shrine which Saint Louis of France (King Louis IX) built in 1248 to house the precious relic of the Holy Crown of Thorns, which he obtained from Constantinople while on the Crusade. This was the Chapel Royal, close to the royal residence of *La Cité*. It was desecrated during the French Revolution, but Louis Philippe made La Sainte

Chapelle the Chapel Royal for the Court in Paris. From then on the Red Mass was celebrated annually on the occasion of the opening of the judicial year at the near-by law courts—the only time during the year, since its restoration, that La Sainte Chapelle was used for religious worship.

The Red Mass in England, in some aspects, brings us very close to some of the ancient splendor of this liturgical ceremony. With their peculiar native conservatism, the English changed their religion at the Reformation, but hung on to many of the trappings that beautified that discarded religion. So today, while the judges of the High Court cover their heads with Queen Anne wigs, their judicial robes are practically just what the judges wore in the thirteenth century when, so the evidence appears to point, the Red Mass was first instituted as a religious ceremony of the State. Like the Roman Cardinals, the English judges vary their court attire according to the ecclesiastical season. In Lent, and on simple days, their robes are either black or violet silk, turned up with red. But on the red-letter days and during the Easter Season, their robes are of a brilliant scarlet with cuffs and *cappa* of ermine.

A few minutes walk from the ancient Westminster Abbey, where the non-Catholic jurists attend religious worship in judicial scarlet and ermine, is Westminster Cathedral, where the Catholic judges attend the Red Mass attired either in scarlet and ermine or in the purple of the lesser courts. The revival of the Red Mass in England is generally ascribed to the late Cardinal Vaughan, during whose episcopate the majesty of the English law was sumptuously represented by the presence of the Catholic Lord Chief Justice of England, the late Lord Russell of Killowen. Then, indeed, the ancient magnificence of pre-Reformation England was seen at Catholic worship, when the Lord Chief Justice, in his magnificent robes of scarlet and ermine, attended by pages of honor, knelt at the entrance to the cathedral sanctuary.

But before Westminster Cathedral was thought of (it was first used on Saint Joseph's Day in 1903) the Red Mass was celebrated at the old Sardinian Chapel, attended by the few Catholic judges and counsel attached to the English courts, though most of these Catholic jurists were Irish and not English. The Sardinian Chapel, which used to stand in Lincoln's Inn Fields, was formerly the embassy chapel of the King of Sardinia. It was an important link with history, since it was the only chapel in London where Mass was allowed to be celebrated in penal days.

But wherever or whenever the Red Mass originated, there is this same thing that applies everywhere: the Mass was, and is, celebrated very close to Michaelmas, the Feast of the Dedication of Saint Michael the Archangel, on September 29. And just as Advent marks the opening of the ecclesiastical and liturgical year, so Michaelmas marks the opening of the parliamentary year, the judicial year and the academic year.

The nations have not managed to wander away altogether from their Catholic past.

LIMITATION OF INCOME

ALTHOUGH it seems certain now that Congress will not accede to the President's suggestion that no individual be permitted during the course of war to have a net income, after payment of taxes, above \$25,000 a year, the proposal merits a much more serious appraisal than it received either at the hands of Congress or of the metropolitan press. It simply will not do to dismiss it with an avalanche of bitter, emotional adjectives: to call it fantastic, demagogic, un-American, Socialistic, or, as a friend said to us the other evening, "the product of a social worker's mind, ignorant alike of economics and ethics." The implications of this proposal are too far-reaching to be so airily dismissed.

Whether the limitation of incomes to \$25,000 is unsound economically, can be left to the economists; but so far as ethics is concerned, there may be nothing at all wrong with it.

The ethical question involved in this and similar proposals is this: has the State the authority, with a view to the common good, to limit the individual citizen's right to the ownership and use of property? And the answer is that it has.

This authority of the State derives at once from the nature of the supreme civil authority and the nature of private property. The latter is a natural but not an unlimited right. It is at the same time individual and social. To the extent, consequently, that ownership is social, the state, having as its end the temporal well being and felicity of society, has the right to define, as Pius XI taught in *Quadragesimo Anno*, "the boundaries imposed by the requirements of social life, upon the right of ownership itself or upon its use."

This was the common teaching all over Western civilization until the intellectual revolt of the eighteenth century, when the pagan idea that a man's right to property is unrestricted gained currency. It was this novel and pernicious notion, unfortunately, which came to be associated in many minds with the American Constitution, with the result that for a long time every attempt to regulate property in the interest of the common good was frustrated by the Courts. The denial that property has a social as well as an individual character led logically to a denial that the State has authority to interfere with it. It is only in comparatively recent times, when the hunger for justice became irrepressible, that the Courts reversed themselves and vindicated the proper authority of the State.

This authority must, of course, be used judiciously. "It is a grievous error," observed Pius XI, "so to weaken the individual character of ownership as actually to destroy it." And this the State must guard against, observing always both the demands of the natural law and the common good.

As far, then, as the proposal to limit incomes to \$25,000 touches morality, it is purely a question whether such a limitation, without endangering the institution of private property, is conducive to the common good. And that judgment is the responsibility of the supreme civil authority.

THE VOCATION OF LAW

LAST Spring, in one of our highly respected secondary schools, an expert lawyer was giving a vocational talk to the senior class. He had been asked to address them on the opportunities of a Catholic lawyer. After some thirty minutes of stories and experiences, one of the more brash young men burst out with: "And what of the opportunities?" "Your opportunity in law, young man, is what is called service, and beyond that a chance to sprinkle a little more than a little Catholic philosophy."

"Besides," he said, "would they give me all this training? Would the people allow me to enjoy a special position, special privilege, their own special trust? And would the Lord give me this particular vocation, if I were expected only to make a purse profit out of it?"

Here was plain talk, and yet the students heard out their speaker for an hour and a half, questioning him and asking further explanation. In a later confidential moment he remarked how impressed he was with the earnestness and understanding of the youth of today.

Youth, and the people in general, expect much of the legal profession. In their mind the Catholic lawyer has a high calling. He is the defender of right. He is the pleader for justice, the protector against oppression, the guide of the timorous and the ignorant. Beyond that, he has learned by his studies and his training to see the true meaning in the worldwide revolutionary movement of today.

The reign of law is the great question, and it is challenged now as never before in all recorded time. The Totalitarians in an overwhelming onslaught of death-dealing armament have proclaimed a new right: the right of force, of arbitrary wilful force, the right of the strong to subjugate the rest of men. With defiance they reject the idea of a Divine source and sanction for law.

There can be no doubt of the threat impending. The military effort demanded of us is immense. The war of ideas is no less critical.

To us it seems that the task of the Catholic lawyer at this time is primarily to defend the reign of law against the reign of force. He understands that wartime need may compel a limiting of the exercise of some of our rights. But he will not forget, nor allow the public to forget, that the reign of force makes slaves, while that of law makes for ordered freedom, and that of God makes lasting peace.

THE RURAL LIFE CONFERENCE

"FARMERS," observed the Secretary of Agriculture on September 18, "are not doing so badly, and some corporations are getting along, too. The net farm income is now \$1,000,000,000 ahead of the record of 1919."

Is the Secretary correct, or are the "Big Four" agricultural organizations correct, who have been besieging Congress with telegrams bewailing their inability to meet the costs necessary for maximum production?

Secretary Wickard will speak his mind out further on this topic on October 5, at the twentieth annual convention of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference in Peoria, but his principles will undoubtedly remain the same: that food for the nation, not profit for commercialized and industrialized agricultural enterprise, is the capital matter at stake in the present crisis.

The Rural Life convention, in accordance with its established policies, will pronounce no judgments upon personages and issues in the political field. But upon issues that concern the wider field, of human interests and family needs, the Conference can be expected to take this year an even more aggressive and pronounced stand than it has in the past. On such matters the opinions of its leaders are unanimous, and it has the satisfaction of seeing these opinions shared year by year by an ever increasing multitude of bishops, priests and laymen; farmers, economists and statesmen, in this country and abroad.

As a result of the constantly increasing trend toward centralizing agriculture in large-scale industrialized "food factories," farmers have become fewer and fewer. At the same time they have become more and more dependent upon the haphazard services of migratory laborers, with no stake in the soil. For some twenty years the Conference has reminded the American farmer that to build upon proletarianized labor is to build upon sand. It has warned him to construct his farm around the home and the homes around the parish church, in a cooperative community, as the closest to any guarantee of stability for his investment.

Shortages of farm labor are unavoidable in time of war. But the situation in which large-scale farm production now finds itself would, in all likelihood, not be so desperate if some of the Conference's homely lessons had been heeded. Time now to learn before further follies are committed.

THE WEST COAST JAPANESE

JUDGING by Tokyo reports, the Japanese are by no means indifferent to the charges of brutal cruelty in the treatment of prisoners and foreigners made against them by travelers recently returning to the United States. They are not content with denying, over the radio, these charges of cruelty, but are busy in spreading the report that Japanese captives in the United States are harshly handled and pitifully underpaid.

In view of the evil use made of such accusations, it is of prime importance that we know where we stand in the matter of the transfer of Japanese in the West Coast area of the United States. Because of the threat of enemy action, 112,000 persons of Japanese ancestry were moved from the Pacific Coastal areas into Assembly and Relocation Centers. Purely temporary arrangements are now taking a more permanent form "for the duration."

The objections raised against this mass removal, not of aliens alone but of thousands of American citizens, are not to be lightly dismissed.

The evident hardships of such a drastic procedure have caused, among certain groups of citizens, some of whom have testified before the Tolson committee, a serious misgiving as to whether it was an absolute necessity to take steps that resulted in the breaking up of homes, disrupting of careers, ruining of businesses and destruction of crops.

Other public-spirited citizens are reasonably concerned lest such an exercise of authority establish a precedent which will later apply to other racial and national groups. Axis agitators, anxious to create division among American citizens, are quick to take advantage of such a concern, and exploit it by alarmist reports. Jews, Negroes, Germans, Italians are warned by the German radio as to what may happen to them "next."

The suggestion has been made that justice be obtained through the granting of individual hearings to Japanese aliens and American citizens, so that each one's case would be decided upon its own merits. While such a proposal is ideal in principle, it is difficult to see how it could successfully deal with 112,000 separate instances; or just what, in such an event, the hearings would actually prove. Overt acts of disloyalty have been few, and mere affirmations of loyalty are not apt to be convincing.

Were the relocation program an expression of racial policy, or of American attitude toward citizens of foreign birth or extraction, every one of these considerations would gravely imperil or nullify the legitimacy of the act. The transfer of these Japanese, however, has been undertaken solely as a matter of military necessity, as the result of a decision reached by the Commanding General of the Western Defense Command and Fourth Army, Lieutenant General J. L. DeWitt. The decision was not made by the Attorney General or by any civilian agency of the Government. It was a military decision, made by military authorities in time of serious war emergency.

The Army stands definitely upon the position

REJECTED

that the measure was taken not through any political considerations, not as the result of any civilian agitation, or even through the benevolent desire to protect innocent Japanese from enraged neighbors, but simply as the consequence of General DeWitt's opinion. This opinion may be summed up as: first, the Western military area, with its population of 11,977,409 (1940) is in definite danger of attack; second, in the event of such an attack, there exists imminent peril of betrayal to the enemy and sabotage on the part of the Japanese in this country.

An essential element in this peril is alleged to be the impossibility of distinguishing, by any rapid and practical large-scale plan, between those Japanese who have completely repudiated all allegiance to the mother country, and those who have not.

Persons of Japanese ancestry have been caught in few acts of sabotage; but the very absence of such activity is looked upon as a proof of plan and control.

Legitimacy for its action is claimed by the Army on the basis of (1) the joint resolution of Congress on December 18, 1941; (2) the President's Executive Order No. 9066, authorizing and directing the Secretary of War and the military commanders designated by him to prescribe military areas, etc.; (3) the designation for this area of Lt. General DeWitt; and (4) ratification by Congress on March 20, 1942, of the Executive and military actions.

The Army claims that its action was taken only after painstaking deliberation; that no other way was at hand wherewith to cope with an immediate and terrible danger. Judgments may differ as to the soundness of these conclusions, but it is only fair that we should know the premises upon which they are based.

Charges of inhuman treatment in the relocation camps are met by the consideration that some of these camps were hurriedly improvised, and the promise that any such abuses, if extant, will be corrected. Reports from the Manzanar camp were not in accord with such accusations. One matter may well be recommended for the Army's consideration: the religious care of the Japanese.

In one center, at least, a hall has been put at the disposition of the Catholic clergy. Other centers have provided no facilities. These centers are scattered so far from one another and so far from the large centers of population, that a priest must travel hundreds of miles to reach them; and there are no living facilities in the vicinity.

Some plan would aid whereby priests, not of Japanese nationality or race, could minister to the interned Japanese Catholics. These are in a distressed position in comparison with the Japanese Protestants, who have ministers of their own nationality.

No effort should be spared, on the part of the Army or of the civilian population who scrutinize its acts, to see that the record, however harsh may be the measures required, shall be kept clean. Some of that harshness is softened by the thought that the removal of the Japanese is saving from insult and personal danger the thousands of Chinese and Filipino citizens of the evacuated regions.

OFTEN have we wayfarers along life's weary road been rejected. The place that we had hoped to win by energy and fidelity, passed to another, and we supped for days upon disappointment. Indeed, as we go farther along that weary road, it seems to us that we have failed in most of the tasks we undertook. Others with whom we started, occupy high rank, and we are left to plod on in obscurity. The bright dreams of our young and generous years have faded, and we may count ourselves fortunate if, instead of being assigned to a lower grade every year, we are permitted to remain in the undistinguished place which is now the best that we can hope for.

Yet, as we honestly survey the past, we can recognize a great truth which brings peace and contentment. It is not the rejections we suffered that brought us real misfortune. These, in many instances, revealed to us our true selves, and hence brought us nearer to God. They humbled us and, precisely because they hurt, gave us an opportunity to do penance for our sins.

No, rejection by men has not really harmed us, for the prizes of life are not a passport into the eternal City of God. What has harmed us is our rejection of the many chances which an all-good God gave us to make our souls pleasing in His sight. "The thought of my sins does not trouble me, for I trust that by His infinite mercy, they have been forgiven," a zealous priest once said on his deathbed. "But it is anguish to recall how often I rejected God's inviting grace, and left undone the good that I might have done."

Our Gospel (Saint Matthew, xxii, 1-14) is the sorrowful story of the rejection of God's gracious invitation by His chosen people. As Our Lord told the parable, a king once sent his servants to invite many to the marriage feast he had made for his son, but the prospective guests "would not come." Again and again, he sent his messengers, but "they made light of the invitation," and went their way. Finally, some of the invited guests laid hold of the king's messengers and, after treating them shamefully, put them to death. At this, the first invitations were withdrawn and, after punishing the murderers, the king sent his servants out into the streets to bid to the feast "all whom they found," until the marriage feast was filled.

We, who by God's grace are Catholics, have a place at the feast, and the wedding garment was laid upon our shoulders at the moment of our Baptism. But it is not enough merely to receive this garment. We must keep it white, and wear it worthily. Were the king to come into the banquet hall at this moment, should we be like that unhappy guest who, found without his wedding garment, was "cast forth into the darkness outside"?

Not many Catholics, we may believe, are eternally lost. But the lesson of this parable is that membership in the Church of Christ is not enough to save us. Salvation is the reward of those who live their lives to the end in accordance with the teachings of Christ and His Church.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

THE DULL POETIC VOID

A. M. SULLIVAN

AMERICA is experiencing a determined poetic lull, and the emotional shock of a world conflict is not the primary reason. The cause is older, and the symptoms more complex, even if the remedy is as simple as it is Spartan. There may be many contributing reasons, such as the distractions of an industrial age, but the fundamental weakness in our poetic voice is traceable to a poverty of the spirit.

The poets have pioneered all the clues of pessimism, which lead into a variety of blind alleys. The emptiness of heart is reflected in what they have to say, for there is no great prophet among us. True, there is a large chorus of lesser bards, competent lyricists, nature worshipers, popular annalists, sweet singers and the mimics and mockers; but if there are any potential makers of thunder and welders of lightning they are silent and sulking. And how would we recognize a voice of Olympian power? It should be by the upward reach of his vision, by an epic concept of man's purpose, by a passionate belief in the Divine order, and by a sense of humility in his gifts. And where is there such a prophet?

The pride of man has borrowed heavily on the future, and we are paying in part for the bad debts contracted in the last half of the nineteenth and the first quarter of the twentieth century; the new humanism, Marxism, the overestimate of the Darwinian theories, the cankerous philosophy of Nietzsche, the taint of the French symbolists and Freudian psychology. These are things which impoverished the Christian spirit of poetry.

The vanity of man has been built upon his material concepts and three-dimensional conquests. This vanity is a strange partner of the pessimism which is appalled that the clever mind of man should be doomed to perish in so transitory a shrine as the human body. Man has made miracles plausible with his machines, but there is always the notable exception; his inability to raise the dead from the couch. Nothing is more disturbing to the vanity of the pessimist than the esthetic and cultural waste of the mind destroyed by the body. Inasmuch as faith in a future world is ruled out, the problem is his own, and the dilemma of no escape is made to his specifications. Because he is a prisoner in his own camp, he has made his own substitute for faith in the pose of denial.

Many poets, caught in pagan materialism, have sung of man as a self-sufficient creature. Some tried

to reveal the greatness of science through nature, and finished up in a vague pantheism. Edwin Arlington Robinson expresses some of the intellectual stoicism of these poets in his *The Man Against The Sky*, which in itself is an expression of pessimistic grandeur. Robinson does it with a masterly grace, but the poem in substance is an acknowledgment of man's inability to wrestle meaning out of the enigma.

The dry rot of literature in Europe which affected American writers, has stemmed from a variety of sources and decades. The French Symbolist, not offensive *per se* in his ideas of art, led to many phases of diseased thinking and expression by interpreters. Rimbaud as a very young man had a tremendous vigor, as his *Bateau Ivres* aroused the imagination of many American writers. Before him there was Baudelaire, a realistic observer of tawdry Parisian life whose *Les Fleurs du Mal* influenced a host of young English writers. From a point of craftsmanship he had much to offer in good example.

Although he played with light and darkness like a mesmerist, there is great wisdom tainted with evil in his precisely chiseled verse. Baudelaire's pessimism in *Les Fleurs du Mal* was shadowy and miasmic; the pessimism of T. S. Eliot in *The Wasteland*, two generations later, was brilliant and arid. However, Eliot's poem was more of an anthology of post-war emotions than an expression of his own enameled mind. The poem did serve as a raft for the drifting intellects of a despairing decade which included the exotics, the symbolists and rationalists, "the hollow men, and the stuffed men." Among these were Conrad Aiken, Wallace Stevens, Ezra Pound, John Crowe Ransom, John Gould Fletcher, and a galaxy of others whose poetry is jeweled with rare rhetoric, infectious rhythms, but lacks the spiritual luster which gives evidence of an inner faith. Though Eliot has cried *mea culpa* in *Ash Wednesday*, he left a lot of betrayed sheep forever in *The Wasteland*. Our novelists, too, borrowed from the Flaubert-Freud-Proust formula, and offered us the detailed case-histories of the blemished mind and body.

The current vogue in America over the German poet, Rainer Maria Rilke, is traceable more to his confused pagan symbolism than to his criticism of German post-war politics. The Protestant rebel poet is often a materialist, and the issue between denial and belief is well defined, and sometime covered with an impersonal callous. Not so with the poets of Catholic birth and training who revolt against Christ, because like Rilke they use Church symbolism against itself, and the torment within them is infinitely more private and galling. Rilke, who sang poems of praise to the Blessed Virgin in his youth, hurled blasphemy at her Son

in his middle years—yet without the phantasms of the Christian mind Rilke would have been tongue-tied. His paganism was a hybrid that refused to take root in the metaphysical morasses of a mind essentially Catholic. He was a petulant rebel who tried to make Christ a personal enemy and failed.

From time to time the critical focus turns from the thing we say to how we say it. After a long period of concern with rhetoric, and the canons of prosody, we come back to a demand for passionate and sensuous statement. While George Edward Woodberry enthused over the verbal symphonies of Swinburne, others turned to the one-string fiddle of Housman for relief. After the 1912 to 1914 discussion over imagism and free verse, came the vital statements of Edgar Lee Masters, Vachel Lindsay and Robert Frost, and the critics forgot prosody to examine content. The ideas expressed were positive, at least in their basic Americanism. Here was native poetry, which in the case of Lindsay rose to high religious fervor. It was a brief period of poetic ferment but it did enhance the national and folk virtues of American poetry.

However, the spiritual impulse was not strong, except in an occasional voice, such as Anna Hempstead Branch, whose *Work in the Kitchen* is a superb exception. The name of Emily Dickinson takes on added stature, both as a rebel against the purist cult in rhyming, and for the daring of her faith. Belief was the stimulus of her imagination. Formalists in verse and thought, with Henry Van Dyke and Robert Underwood Johnson as typical examples, were given short shrift by a new generation, and there is nothing to indicate that young poets were wrong in attacking the overstuffed and moralistic poetry which was the vogue.

If the elders had too much regard for the formality of art, its costume, its lacquer, its rhetoric, and suffered from the willingness to accept the form for the substance, the younger writers hurt their cause by attacking the Christian ideal, and have emaciated the poetic spirit by cynicism and denial.

Ideas of art, being concerned with a heightening of life itself, must use the material of life—religion and politics—to express itself. Revolutionary ideas attack the existing order, but no revolutionary idea remains constant. Just as Shelley's published atheism was denied by his own evidence of spiritual ascent, so the pose of denial by many rebels in their attitude toward the church and government is merely an ephemeral criticism of the acts of an individual or a clique.

There is always a pendulum crossing the dead center of truth. Russian atheism is the swing of the pendulum away from the abuses due to the Romanoff control of the Russian clergy. If there is evidence that the Russian State atheism is growing less real, it is not because of the political opportunism of the war, but because Karl Marx never replaced the ikon in the heart of the peasant. Russia gives the hint of a spiritual reformation in the making. The American and British poets who took the wrong turn of the road to follow the Russian revolution might have been more acceptable if they

romped and taunted like the impish Pushkin, who still enjoys the favor of all Russians, regardless of political views.

Among the current Catholic poets of America we are beginning to see the design of an integrated effort, although there is nothing major in sight as yet. Following the lead of Sister Madeleva, a chorus of young nuns are making themselves heard in the secular press—and they give promise of a great harvest in the lyric field. To a lesser extent, the younger priests have been influenced by the late Father Charles O'Donnell of Notre Dame. Father Robert David O'Brien, S.J., Father Arthur MacGillvray, S.J., Father John Duffy, C.S.S.R., and Fray Angelico Chavez are distinguishing themselves by their original statement and lyric discipline. Father John Lynch has attempted an epic journey in *The Woman Wrapped in Silence*, and the attempt is worthy of praise, even if the goal was not completely attained.

Somewhere in the amalgam of Church liturgy and American parish life, is the stuff of poetry that has been little used, except in occasional poems by Father Thomas Butler Feeney, S.J. It is in this field that profitable pioneering can be done, or shall we wait until a distinguished non-Catholic shall set the example—as Willa Cather and Franz Werfel have done? Among the lay poets, the average is pulled down by mediocrity. We have reason to be proud of poets like John Maher Murphy, Patrick Kirby, John Bunker, Jessica Powers, Albert Doyle and others, but too many young poets are willing to be thin echoes of yesterday, and the fault may be charged to a lack of adventure in the English departments of our colleges. If Catholic poetry at present is in a minor key, we can hope that it is fallowing the ground for the future, when the Church will be the haven for lost sheep returning from the barrens of the intellect.

Meanwhile, American poets in general are having some difficulty in finding a theme in the present conflict. There are no sharply defined nationalistic issues—there is only that nausea of soul which comes from the suspicion that revolution and counter-revolution are to be the early harvest of a peace of attrition and revenge, rather than contrition and understanding. But poets do not need to concern themselves with the details of punitive action or political remedies. They can celebrate the individual heroism of men—the knights of the air, and the sea and under the sea. They can sing of the courage, hope and indomitable spirit of humanity more successfully than they can justify political programs or explain enigmas.

But they need a faith of their own to evoke appreciative echoes in the hearts of people who are hungry for music of the spirit. No more than Francis Thompson who sang:

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke.
My harness piece by piece Thou has hewn from me,
and smitten to my knee.
I am defenseless utterly

can the poet with his alert senses escape the presence of God in man.

BOOKS

FACTORIES AND FREEDOM

THE FUTURE OF INDUSTRIAL MAN: A CONSERVATIVE APPROACH. By Peter F. Drucker. The John Day Co. \$2.50

MR. DRUCKER has already written about *The End of Economic Man*. In the present work he essays a description of the future of "Industrial Man." But the author disclaims prophetic instincts, pays most attention to the past, is not quite clear on "absolutes," and oversimplifies in crucial spots. How "legitimacy," for instance, can be a purely functional concept (p. 34), is quite a mystery. But historians, sociologists and social economists will like this book for its carefully wrought and very potent thesis.

The problem of our times is to establish a free and functioning industrial society to house our full grown industrial reality. The pre-war mercantile society is inadequate now, though it stood the strain well for 150 years. In a functioning society, all members have social function and status and are thereby integrated into the social purpose. In a free society power must stem from legitimate rule, must derive its authority from a moral principle accepted by the society as a legitimate basis of social and political power.

Now in the industrial system, as we have come to know it, the decisive power has been managerial, which is no longer legitimate because it is no longer based on ownership; the individuals, moreover, as members of a full-blown industrial system, have lost social function and social status. To right both maladjustments, without totalitarianism, is uniquely an American task. Hitler has tried it by total war. And this is his essential weakness. For us it remains an outstanding post-war job and one that should be started now, socially to organize the physical reality of an industrial system into a free and functioning industrial society.

There can be no return. The village once served a rural society. Then the market organized a mercantile society. Will the plant become now a functioning, self-governing social community? Mr. Drucker thinks it must. The plant can give social status and function to individuals; its power can be made to rest upon responsibility and decision of its members. Thus we would have a functioning, free, but at the same time an industrial society.

The author has made an extremely interesting and thoughtful contribution to the growing literature on functionalism, and his work is timely, to say the least. "This war is being fought for the structure of industrial society—its basic principles, its purposes, and its institutions." The point is not to preserve a has-been social structure, but to restructure—conservatively. Here we have no rationalist liberal, but a serious student who sees a direct line from Rousseau to Marx. It is surprising he has not observed more closely that one Institution in the world which has stood up against rationalist liberalism from the beginning.

Europe will look to America in fulfilling the giant task. America must look to those thoughtful men of '76 and after, who bridged a similar problem at another shift of the stream of economic history, not by totalitarian reform, but by piecemeal, democratic effort.

Industry is warring. The peace must be industrial. But at all costs freedom is to be preserved. Mr. Drucker does not quite grasp the full import of freedom, nor does he discriminate among "absolutes," but he certainly does grasp the real problem of a future peace: how to have an industrial society which will be free. The last time, we avoided the problem!

JAMES J. McGINLEY

FAITH IN THE CLASSICS

THE CHALLENGE OF THE GREEK AND OTHER ESSAYS. By T. R. Glover. The Macmillan Co. \$2.75

A MEATY sheaf of papers on things Greek, written in Glover's chatty and mellow vein, and rounded out with two sympathetic centenary sketches on Virgil and Erasmus. The author is always full of interesting information and stimulating reflection, revivifying the past and dispensing homely wisdom for the present. There is a deal about Greek markets and farms and forests, interesting sidelights on ancient athletics and gastronomy, some pleasant philosophizing on fairy tales and the Homeric Question.

The first two essays of the volume, "The Challenge of the Greek" and "Purpose in Classical Studies," are a sincere expression, genially autobiographical, of faith in classical studies for our own day and well calculated to challenge and inspire all teachers of the classics. Young-mindedness, intense individualism, free enterprise, a harmony of law and freedom, poetry and philosophy—these constitute the main challenge of the Greek to us. We are over-standardized and in danger of perishing, like Rome, from over-administration. As Egypt was a challenge to Greece and Greece to the Renaissance, so we need a challenge, too. "Of all disciplines to set the mind free and to set it growing," says Glover, "there is none known to me like living with the great souls of Greece." "A whole view is the real essence of education and it is very rarely that Natural Science gives its votaries anything more than a fractional universe, a diminished life."

Educationists, "living in the grey atmosphere of theory," come in for severe castigation. Lack of spiritual ideals in modern life and education is deplored. Classical teachers are taken to task for forgetting man and life, merely training specialists, having themselves no philosophy, not leading their students to read the great literature. "We have to be inspired and to believe in life; and then our authors will be alive and will themselves start talking to our students." To all of which we say a hearty "Amen."

FRANCIS A. PREUSS, S.J.

BABEL NO SOLUTION

JEWS IN A GENTILE WORLD. By Isacque Graeber and Steuart Henderson Britt. The Macmillan Co. \$4

WRITTEN by a group of Jew and Gentile professors ("experts," says the jacket), the book contains sixteen essays. Dr. Carl J. Friedrich of Harvard leads off with "Anti-Semitism: Challenge to Christian Culture." In a brief summary of the Catholic position, he quotes from Maritain and from Pope Pius XI.

Dr. Raymond Kennedy of Yale, closing the discussion, suggests religion and education as among the remedies for anti-Semitism. No Catholic scholar contributes to the book. Several Jewish authors give us accurate, intimate and typical pictures of Jewish life as lived in American cities. This is perhaps the most valuable contribution.

Two anthropologists agree that biologically the Jews are not a race. Belloc maintained the same thesis on historical grounds decades ago. A sociologist gives a counsel of despair. The Jews, "a cultural irritant," must disappear through assimilation. A psychologist after discussing such formidable things as "The Psychological Nature of Hostile Urges," decides that anti-Semitism is "sociologically pathological." As a "therapy" for children he suggests psychoanalysis. Another informing us that

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THE DEVIL AND CHRISTOPHER DAWSON

* * * In all wars—the present war for example—the devil has a foot in both camps. One side may be his, but he has his servants in the other too: so that even if his chosen side loses, his own defeat is not total: he still has something to work on in the victor's camp to spoil their victory. Now this can be very confusing: there are times when we smell the devil so strongly in our own camp, that we cannot smell him at all in the other: just as a dead mouse in our own cellar smells worse—to us—than a dead whale in the South Pacific, which is the most obscene of all smells. The truth is that the nose is a poor counsellor: it lacks horizon: the mind that takes it for a guide sees nothing in balance. . . . For a mind thus off balance Christopher Dawson is the best physician. His mind's horizon is almost preternaturally wide: and upon this war he has written an almost preternaturally balanced book, *The Judgment of the Nations* (\$2.50). Those who are most acutely aware of the evil in our camp will find that Dawson is more aware still. No prophet of Israel could see more piercingly what has gone wrong with us, what devil we have served, and how it came to be so. The plain truth is that we have served Mammon, the devil of material success. How shall we cast out Mammon? By Moloch, says Hitler. But Moloch, the iron-throated, the devourer of children, is a seven-times-worse devil than Mammon. This upon a mere comparison of evil: and at least we are aware of Mammon's presence among us and ashamed: whereas they make a glory of Moloch. We are not fighting for Mammon—though he will try to make our victory his: they are fighting for Moloch. "To the devils of homicidal lusts our era offers an incredible banquet," says Dawson. . . . "If Mammon is to be dethroned in order that Moloch be set in his place, the new order will be more inhuman and anti-Christian than the old." . . . Yet if Moloch is to be defeated only that Mammon shall continue to reign, ours will be a poor victory. Who shall cast out Moloch and Mammon both? The Spirit of God, says Dawson, working in and through the spirit of man. . . . But with all this emphasis upon the spirit, Dawson discusses the machinery of society with great profundity. Man is already over-mechanized and social machinery will not save him unless his spirit is set free. But man is a social being and the social order is of enormous importance. As we might expect, Dawson's awareness of spiritual reality makes him not less but more realistic and down-to-earth in the discussion of the organization of society. Reading him you see how very soft-boiled the materialist is. You must turn to the book itself to find out his suggestion for Europe's problem and the working out of his plan for world-organization—"not a League of Nations but a league of federations"—each federation to be "based on community of culture and organized as a society of nations or states with autonomous rights." Think that out!

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he is not "personally religious," would have the Jews work against the growth of Orthodox Judaism as a religion. Still another professor praises the independence of thinking of the atheist; labels Pius IX an anti-Semite; states that the Catholic Easter service inflames Catholics against Jews, and in common with several other professors shows a sad ignorance of both the Jewish and the Christian religion.

Many odd tags of thought imported long ago from Germany appear in the book. Jahweh was originally a tribal god; belief in him is a tradition of no objective value; the Jew has completed his cultural mission; the world would not now be the poorer if he were assimilated. There are the usual digs at dogma, Scholasticism and the Church. A sociologist raises a doubt about the historicity of the Crucifixion. The Jew who reveres the religion of his fathers will find little consolation in this babel of voices.

The Catholic solution, though not presented in this book, is well illustrated by current events. In France, a priest is put in prison for harboring Jewish orphans; at Rome, the Pope raises his voice once more against a new injustice to the Jew. Totalitarianism is the child of materialism, and some of these professors are materialists.

GEORGE T. EBERLE

THE RAFT. By Norman Trumbull. Henry Holt and Co. \$2.50

THIS is the stirring and heroic tale of three men against the sea. The three men were American naval fliers; forced down in the South Pacific, they took to their rubber boat, eight feet by four, and in it they lived and fought starvation, thirst, exposure and madness for thirty-four days. They covered over a thousand miles, and when they finally made the shores of the friendly island, they had nothing, absolutely nothing, not even a single garment, and they had started with little enough, in their haste to leave the sinking plane—they began their voyage with exactly a pocketknife, a pair of pliers, a pistol and a length of line.

It is an epic tale of human tenacity and resourcefulness. It is simply and unpretentiously told. And in it emerges the need that men feel for Divine help in times of danger. Prayer meetings were held by the three every night, though we have to note with regret that one of the men, a Catholic by birth, did not set the example in this.

The incredibly true account is well worth reading as one of the epic adventures of the sea. In it you will meet three heroes—no, four, the last being the little rubber boat that carried them through an experience that outstripped Captain Bligh's of the famed *Bounty*.

DONALD G. GWYNN

No BRIGHTER GLORY. By Armstrong Sperry. The Macmillan Co. \$2.75

THE novel that tells a story is pretty rare these days and when it comes we appreciate it. Mr. Sperry's latest is such a book. It has fascinating characters going to romantic lands and performing feats of valor through a series of exciting adventures. It has daring and suspense, is well written and well plotted. It has heroes and heels, and sub-plots to divert one. But, if you like gray and grim realities, this is not your book. This is escape.

Star performer is the quiet Yankee doctor, Mark Denny. His co-star is the ravishing sophisticate, India de Chambord.

Hero Denny is so busy with his patients (man of destiny) he continually breaks engagements with the girl who loves him (heart-breaker). In love with India, he has some success. When she marries a dashing British Navy Captain, the author manages a fistfight in which Denny floors the husband (the strong man) and India appears at the kill (the victor). In Honolulu, the Britisher sails his ship onto a reef, while in contrast, Denny, on another ship, proves a better trader than his captain (the wise one). When India's baby is born on the island, her husband is carousing; but steady doctor Denny makes the delivery (old reliable). When the husband re-

turns dying from yellow fever, the doctor applies his medical skill (bigger than self). When he is given up for dead, the doctor takes the wife under his care (the protector).

He starts her to New York City, but via the wilderness of the Pacific Northwest where their ship was bound. When savage Indians, gaudy in war paint, swarm towards the boat, Denny whisks his girl through a port-hole for escape in a small boat (resourceful). Denny is some man, but never is he insipid.

The date of these adventures is 1810. John Jacob Astor was sending his first ship to the Northwest to set up Astoria, a post for trading city trinkets for the furs of the Indians. But, despite the year, this is not historical; it is just a story using that date instead of 1942.

JOSEPH HUTTLINGER

PHILOSOPHY FOR THE MILLIONS. By J. A. McWilliams, S.J. The Macmillan Co. \$2

THIS is more than a mere companion to Hogben's *Mathematics for the Millions*. It is a statement of the author's conviction, in terms of individual and social philosophy, of what the masses must think and do if they are to emerge from the present crisis. Dr. McWilliams makes no attempt to treat more than the fundamentals, but of these he writes convincingly. The style is popular. Hence what appear to be over-simplifications are, I think, legitimate adaptations to the author's objective.

Social responsibility depends on individual responsibility and this in turn depends ultimately on the rejection of Philosophic Determinism. The argument for free will and the intellectual superiority of man over brute is cogent. The existence of a personal God and His relation to the problem of evil complete the circle of points which are the framework of a valid philosophy of religion.

The chapters on Economics and Social Philosophy are interesting presentations of the more important concepts of Individual and Social Ethics. Those who already have some familiarity with Scholastic doctrine on these matters will find this re-statement of them worth reading. In the last chapter, however, one would have welcomed a more comprehensive view of the modern era with some reference to the more concrete world problems. But this in no sense detracts from the main thesis of the book. As it stands its message is clear: back to God and the Natural Law, back to the sane rational view of man and his relations with his fellow man, back to Justice and Charity.

RICHARD SCANNELL

GABRIEL GARCIA MORENO Y EL ECUADOR DE SU TIEMPO.
By Richard Pattee. Quito, Ecuador.

THE Peruvian historian, Garcia Calderon, once sketched the subject of this book in the following classic lines:

Indefatigable, a stoic, just, strong in decision, admirably logical in his life, Garcia Moreno is one of the great personalities in American history. He was no tyrant without principle, as was Guzman Blanco or Porfirio Diaz. Within fifteen years he completely transformed his small country, according to a remarkable political system whose final perfection was held back only by his death. A mystic of the Spanish type, he did not live by sterile contemplation. He demanded action. He was an organizer and a creator.

His career has been the subject of violent controversy, for though historians are trained to preserve objectivity, the generality of the moderns seem unable to rid their minds of the liberalist bias when they take up this character.

Pattee does not belong to this school. He is a realist. And despite his preoccupations as the distinguished representative of our State Department, he has found time to apply his critical powers in a calm and incisive study of a man whose work contains much instruction for contemporary statesmen.

The excellences of the book are many, among them the clear view of the State domination over the Church

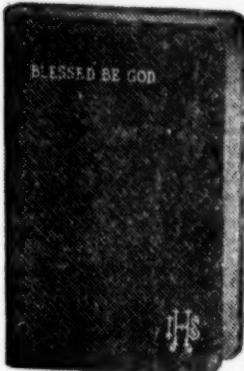
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The book should be translated at once, to bring its particular merits before the readers of this country.

W. EUGENE SHIELS

A GOLDEN AGE. By Christine Whiting Parmenter.

Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$2.50

THE story chiefly concerns the sayings and the doings of the Moore family who lived about fifteen miles from Boston in the imaginary town of Danforth. It is really the book of Kate, the mother. As the story opens sometime in the 1880's, her husband, Ed Moore, is the owner and editor of the town's one newspaper and her five children range in age from infancy to ten years. As the narrative proceeds we are given occasional glimpses of the early life of the then Kate Preston. Though her forebears had been New England farmers, she herself was born in the South and at the age of fifteen moved to Brooklyn. There at the end of the Civil War, she married Ed Moore and a few years later they moved to Danforth.

The Moore family, perhaps because Kate's childhood was spent in the South or possibly, too, because of the indelible imprint of the year spent in Brooklyn, cannot be said to be typical of the New England of that era. Under the gentle sway of the mother, the Moore family lived and had their being in a home filled to overflowing with affection and happiness and tenderness and wholesomeness and humor; and all these qualities can be equally predicated of the book. As they say in the rating of moving pictures, this is "wholesome entertainment for the family." And I might add that fathers and mothers of 1942 might learn a lot from the manner in which Kate and Ed reared and ruled their children.

With at least a certain amount of plausibility, a critic might assert that the book is defective in structure. For a good bit the story runs along smoothly, quietly, gently; then it becomes melodrama.

Now we have the typical New England villain of fiction; the sour, miserly, hypocritical deacon, and his beautiful daughter, Rose, who is lost in a blizzard. Then after an all-night search comes the happy ending. But it is not the end. The curtain rises again after ten years and the play goes on for a hundred pages. Somehow as I write this down it does sound bad. And yet it isn't. The last hundred pages are as good as what went before and it is all delightful reading.

I would, however, note two defects: the first is literary and minor; two or three mildly wise-cracking comparisons are introduced from the viewpoint of 1942. The other defect is real and to me more serious. It is truly amazing, but a fact, that the author has written the book in such wise that there is not one word or phrase uttered by all the truly upright, grand persons who live in its pages which would indicate that either God or prayer was a factor in their lives. In those decades this could not possibly be true of such a family living in New England—or in Brooklyn. ARTHUR J. SHEEHAN

JAMES J. McGINLEY, S.J., with an M. A. in Economics, is pursuing his Doctorate studies in that subject.

FRANCIS A. PREUSS, S.J., professor of Classics at Saint Stanislaus Novitiate, Florissant, Mo., took the classical Tripos at Cambridge University, England.

W. EUGENE SHIELS, Staff member, is well known in historical circles for his knowledge of the South-American countries and their leaders.

THEATRE

THE MORNING STAR. As a voluble enthusiast over the excellence of *The Wookey* and *The Heart of a City*, I am naturally giving a warm welcome to Emlyn Williams' new play, *The Morning Star*, produced by Guthrie McClintic at the Morosco Theatre.

Like the two plays first mentioned, it is a war drama, taking place in London during last year's air raids. It is serious, thoughtful and deeply moving. For these reasons it may not appeal to those patrons of escape drama whose conviction seems to be that stage offerings in wartime should be exclusively light comedies, vaudeville and revues. Let me put on record the fact that I do not share this conviction. In wartime as in no other, it seems to me, brains that are capable of real mental processes should be willing to cope with reality, to recognize it when it is offered and to profit by what one has learned. Both *The Wookey* and *The Heart of a City* left us far too soon, driven off our stage, we are told, by those hyper-sensitive souls who are unwilling to face actual war conditions, even as presented on the stage.

Mr. Williams' new play offers us many facts and much drama. At the beginning of it we see the Parrilow family of Chelsea, waiting for the predicted air raids but still optimistically hoping that London may be spared. It was not spared, as we all know. Death and destruction poured mercilessly down upon it from German planes in English skies. We are shown some of the effects of those experiences.

Mrs. Parrilow, the heroic heroine, a gentlewoman in reduced financial conditions, has a sizable family and a boarder, the latter to help out financially. One of her sons is a promising surgeon. A second son is a young aviator who is killed in the war. The doctor is in danger of moral death. He deserts his wife and lives with a blonde who very skilfully makes it hard for the audience to understand how he could possibly do anything of the kind. In the end he returns to his wife, who greets him with characteristic feminine patience and cheerfully informs him that a child is soon to be born to them.

In the meantime Mrs. Parrilow, a fine character superbly played by Gladys Cooper, is having other troubles. She and her family and her paying guest are reduced to living in one room in the Parrilow house. The blitz seems always with them, but in the end of course they "live it down."

The play is superbly acted. The best work, naturally, is done by Miss Cooper and her doctor son, Gregory Peck. Both offer us inspired performances. Their associates, however, are not to be overlooked. Brenda Forbes, who has already won high favor from New York audiences, adds to her previous successes a new and amusing type of British charwoman. Jill Esmond gives a fine performance as the young doctor's temporarily deserted wife, and Wendy Barrie is a temptress who looks and acts as if she were made to be exactly that. Rhys Williams is capital as a family servant. One of the best and most interesting types in the drama is Mrs. Parrilow's critical lodger, played to the hilt by Cecil Humphreys. In fact, the acting throughout *The Morning Star* is something no appreciative playgoer would miss, not to mention the interest of the blitzkrieg and its effects.

The story of the young doctor's discovery and wonderful operation does not ring any too true, but nobody cares. We have watched throughout a notable play and performance the effect of London's air raids on a brave and high-minded woman and her circle, and the way in which the vital and recognizable types in the play met their ordeal.

That Guthrie McClintic has produced and directed the play to perfection goes without saying. Steven Chaney's settings are all they should be.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

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FILMS

WINGS AND THE WOMAN. Britain made this interesting record of the career of one of her famous daughters. Drama is authentically threaded through the story of Amy Johnson, but the film is fundamentally a biography of the pioneer aviatrix. Episodes have been expertly pieced together to present her public life as a flier and her ill-fated romance. A descendant of men who charted the seas, the English girl startled her contemporaries and defied convention more than a decade ago by opening aviation to women and blazing new sky trails for the air-minded youth of the world. Her epic flights made history as exciting, dare-devil events, but the love affair that concluded in an unsuccessful marriage was not so fortunate. Aviation remained the Yorkshire woman's true happiness to the grim finale which found her plunging to her death as a war ferry pilot. Director Herbert Wilcox, in true British style, has not allowed the dramatic angles of the chronicle to be overplayed. Anna Neagle gives another one of her biographical interpretations with characteristic sympathy and understanding. Robert Newton deserves special mention as the playboy aviator. A great many aerial sequences have been necessarily introduced, for this is the story of a woman who found her happiness up above the clouds. Adults who see this feature will be rewarded with worthwhile entertainment. (RKO)

EYES IN THE NIGHT. A strong and capable cast bolster up this espionage melodrama during those too frequent moments when it tends to sag. Though Fred Zimmerman's direction has kept the pace fast and suspense is generously sprinkled throughout, the situations are too obvious to be completely convincing. In the home of an inventor who has perfected a valuable war formula, Nazi agents plant themselves, disguised as household servants. A blind detective is called in by the scientist's wife to help solve a murder of which her step-daughter unjustly accuses her. During his investigation the sleuth discovers the identity of the butler, maid and other members of the ring. With the aid of a "seeing-eye" dog, the detective outwits the villains and solves the murder mystery. Edward Arnold fortunately is allowed to carry much of the acting honors in the picture on his expert shoulders. Ann Harding and Donna Reed are some of the other players who give good accounts of themselves. Mystery fans in the family should find enough suspense here to prove diverting. (MGM)

GIRL TROUBLE. Farce enough to guarantee escape from reality has been packed into this comedy. Don Ameche is cast once more as a South American and does much to keep things funny and lively. There is a plot, something about the hero's visit to New York to acquire a loan for his family's rubber plantation, but the romantic difficulties that he encounters are more important in the unwinding of events. Joan Bennett plays the feminine lead in the high spirits that the piece indicates. Mature audiences will be amused and satisfied with this frothy bit of gaiety. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

GENTLEMAN JIM. The story of Jim Corbett, the man who knocked out John L. Sullivan, is really ring lore. Transferred to celluloid, the ups and downs of the spunky bank clerk from the wrong section of San Francisco make exciting screen fare. Corbett's self-assurance and perseverance won him success and made his name a tradition in pugilistic Americana. Errol Flynn is plausible and cocky as the one-time hero of the ring. Here is something suitable for the whole family. (Warner)

MARY SHERIDAN

CORRESPONDENCE

THE THANKS OF ISRAEL

EDITOR: Speaking for many Jews in religious and lay leadership who have spoken to me, may I tell you how deeply we are touched by your editorial suggestion that prayers on behalf of suffering Israel be said by Catholics on Sunday preceding the Jewish Day of Atonement?

Your suggestion is a revelation of brotherly compassion and fellowship which are no mean solace in the agony through which the Jewish people is passing.

Catholics, too, are in the throes of tragedy in Hitler-ruled lands. Jewish hearts go out to our brothers in affliction, and Jewish prayers go up to the All Merciful One, that He may hearken to all His children who call upon Him in Faith.

Christian and Jew who have had a great common spiritual ancestry to bind them together, now have a great common peril to draw them closer to one another and a great common hope to lift their vision to a world worthy of God's favor.

New York, N. Y.

DR. ISRAEL GOLDSTEIN
President, Synagogue
Council of America

CONGRATULATIONS FOR THE COLONEL

EDITOR: I wish to congratulate you for securing the services of Colonel Lanza as your military commentator.

He is the best authority on military information in the United States.

Bennington, Vt.

N. Y. DUHAMIL
Lt. Col., U. S. A., Retired

FULLER EXPLANATION

EDITOR: In answer to John Paradigne's suggestion that I elaborate my cryptic letter on Isolationism, may I point out what he no doubt understood, that my use of the word Isolationism was simply a play on the word at a time when it was being used as a punching-bag on all sides. My real purpose was to reprove the apparent exclusion of the implications of the doctrine of the Mystical Body from the discussion of modern total warfare.

Without denying the possibility of a just war, when one reflects that millions of Catholics are fighting for the infamous Axis from a sense of duty, he cannot help but suspect that the usual teaching of Catholic writers on war is inadequate, that it does not do justice to our Faith. These writers contend that when a nation, acting in its sovereign capacity, goes to war, then unless that war is plainly unjust, the citizen may, with a safe conscience, engage in it. If the action of the Axis Catholics is any norm, then unless the Lord by some Divine skywriting reveals that a given war is plainly unjust, Catholics will fight in any war that comes along.

If, however, the doctrine of the Mystical Body, as taught in the Epistles of Saint Paul, be taken into consideration in discussing modern warfare, it would seem to make war very difficult of justification. In chapter XII of his first Epistle to the Corinthians, for instance, he says: "In one Spirit were we all baptized into one Body, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether bond or free. . . Now you are the Body of Christ, and members of member." Paul does not hesitate to regulate the observance of the Sixth Commandment by this doctrine. Reprimanding adultery, he says: "Know you not that your bodies are the members of Christ? Shall I then take the members of Christ and make them the members of an harlot? God forbid!" (1 Cor. vi, 15.)

What would the Apostle of the Gentiles have said if

he had seen millions of baptized Christians, in good faith, trying to destroy millions of other baptized Christians also in good faith? If this wonderful truth of the Mystical Body were also applied to the Fifth Commandment, the yearning for peace, in the heart of the common man all over the world, would not be frustrated by his rulers so easily and so often.

New York, N. Y.

JOSEPH McNULTY

CAPITALIST ON COMMUNISM

EDITOR: Capitalism as a total philosophy of life is no less materialistic than Communism. Capitalism, American style, is not likely to stand committed on an abstract principle; but in practice, where the materialistic stake is impressive, it is very likely to revolve around it. Thus it is natural that a Wall Street magnate should advocate condonation of Bolshevism, given the contingencies that from a materialistic point of view invite it.

A striking illustration of the fact is Thomas W. Lamont's extensive Letter to the New York Times, Sunday, September 20. I hope it will there receive an extended answer; for controversial issues ought not to be publicly raised unless adequate public reply, even in war-time, is to be permitted. I call attention here merely to the unqualified sweep of Mr. Lamont's proposal. He calls for an American accord with Soviet Russia that shall be permanent and complete.

It is questionable whether any significant body of American opinion is opposed to our national policy of military collaboration with Soviet Russia in a just struggle against a common enemy. It is unquestionable that a very significant body of American opinion remains unmoved in its opposition to atheistic Communism. Mr. Lamont is asking for a relegation of principles of conscience to second place in the interest of great international power. He is definitely disturbing the solid agreement among Americans which, within proper bounds, has been established.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

EDGAR R. SMOOTHERS, S.J.

MEANING OF THE MASS

EDITOR: I read the letter from H. V. Moran of New York City in your September 12 issue. It was entitled "Meaning of the Mass." He was quoting M. S. Mattingly to some extent.

I heartily approve of having the value of the Holy Sacrifice printed on leaflets to be distributed. Reverend C. Ring of St. Joseph's Church, Roxbury, Mass., had a great many distributed like the one I am enclosing.

A friend of mine in Seattle, years ago, had a card with the ten reasons why we should attend Holy Mass wherever possible. He framed them and placed them in the vestibules of several churches.

I like this latter plan very much and I would help out financially if it met with the approval of the Bishops and Pastors.

Roxbury, Mass.

JOHN F. HAYES

EUROPEAN SEMINAR

EDITOR: This is a suggestion as to what might be the next step after the successful and inspiring Inter-American Seminar on Social Studies.

While the distinguished guests from the South and the North were on their way to our hospitable country the Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P., was preparing his Editorial Comment for the September issue of *The Catholic World*. Among other things he said: "The

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fact is that the Czechs and Slovaks hate each other as much as Czechs and Slovaks together hate the Germans," and "there are to this day millions of Americans who couldn't tell a Pole from a Lithuanian and who have no knowledge of the fact that these two have been enemies for hundreds of years."

Now don't these two sad statements point to what might be the next step taken by the Catholic authorities of this country? Let there be a Second Front in the shape of an Inter-European Seminar on Political Rapprochement. If we were thrilled with the results of the Inter-American Seminar, if official Washington was well pleased with this gathering, if the secular press favorably commented on it, why not have a Seminar of another continent?

A successful European Seminar could serve many good causes. It would stiffen the resistance of European nations against the Nazis. It would prepare the ground for the solution of the difficult frontier problems that will face post-war Europe. It would provide suggestions for the satisfactory treatment of minorities. Through that Seminar centuries-old frictions and animosities could be brought to an end.

True, we could not expect representatives from across the Atlantic. But every European nation is well represented in this country. Among refugees of European nations there are in this country prominent scholars, diplomats, newspapermen, professionals who could well represent their nations in the proposed Seminar.

Chicago, Ill.

FRANK GUDAS

PRAYERS FOR THE PHILIPPINES

EDITOR: Will you kindly request the fervent prayers of your readers for our Jesuit missions and missionaries in the Philippine Islands? There is little need of explaining at length the need for such prayers; the Philippine situation is fairly well known to all.

Our missionaries remain at their posts trying to carry on as best they can. They have done heroic work during the course of this war, work that some day will be widely known. Men who are used to saving souls turned rather naturally to the work of saving lives. During the bombing of Manila, Jesuit priests and scholastics were everywhere, doing Red Cross work, rendering first aid to the wounded, administering the last Sacraments to the dying. The Ateneo De Manila is still being used as a Red Cross hospital. Army officers ranking from Lieutenant to Colonel have written to tell us of the work done by Jesuit missionaries to aid their men. The best informed of all those who have returned from the Islands has assured us that "some day the United States will know how much our Government and especially our men in service owe to the Jesuit missionaries of the Philippines."

We must not forget these heroic men. The most efficacious means of helping them at present is prayer. I ask the readers of AMERICA to offer Mass and Holy Communion once a week, if possible, for the missionaries of the Philippines.

Pope Pius XI pointed to the Philippines, the only Catholic nation in the Far East, as the home of the Faith, from which future missionary apostles will set out to convert all the rest of pagan Asia. That work must yet be done. The Church in Asia depends on the Philippines.

New York, N. Y.

THOMAS B. CANNON, S.J.

BRAVOS AND BINGO

EDITOR: Bravos to correspondent Lavery (AMERICA, August 29) for his accurate diagnosis and honest prescription for some of our parochial ills. To put his contention a bit differently, our spiritual lives are being lived on a double standard—one for Sundays, and another for the rest of the week.

If, for example, the parish hall may licitly be converted into a gambling club every Wednesday night, for the entertainment and profit (sic!) of the parishion-

ers and their neighbors (including the children, of course, who find this type of fun much more exciting than their own simple pleasures), then why not establish a pleasant, cheerful saloon in the front part of the hall, with several pinball and slot machines; keep it open every afternoon and evening; advertise it in the daily and parish papers, and solicit patronage from the pulpit on Sunday!

Such a venture would produce a handsome profit—maybe the envelope system could be abolished, even!—and would prove a fine inducement for the parishioners to become better acquainted, especially the young folks.

We American Catholics are trying earnestly to serve Mammon as well as God, and it just can't be done. As Mr. Lavery so aptly stated, we are compromising our ideals—kidding ourselves into the belief that anything short of murder is permissible as long as it is "for the Church."

What alternative means of financing the parish can I offer? Well, I can think of at least three, but their exposition would make this letter too long. A fourth, and probably the most efficacious of all, is best implied in that very familiar exhortation by Christ himself: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God."

Minneapolis, Minn.

EDWARD F. DUCEY, M.D.

EDITOR: It seems to be stylish for luncheon-club Catholics to sneer at gambling and to become enraged over bingo. When I was a lad, the heretics were telling us of the Faith that a deck of playing cards was the devil's prayer-book. But it is the deuce of a trick to take gambling and bingo so seriously. They are only the symptoms of the modern maneuvers of the age-old attack. The point in question is allegiance, and I was delighted to see that Marie Duff (with a style and capacity for expression extraordinary) planted her feminine fortitude right in the path of the enemy. . . .

Now gambling is both a puritan vice and a big business virtue. The great national sweepstakes in the U.S.A. is insurance brokerage and its close and chummy competitor is the stock-market numbers racket. The two together practise an occult mesmerism which builds sky-scrappers (those altitudinous abominations of concentrated greed) to flaunt the share-suckers and policy-holders, with what they have lost. I heard one time that the word "lloyd" was the Dutch term for "wager." At any rate the insurance contract is based on a bet and the profit-plunger who borrows shares on margin is rejecting the very breath of thrift and security. . . .

The professional gamblers (there are a few of them out here) dislike bingo for business reasons. The absentee-owned merchandise counters despise bingo for monetary reasons, and the anti-Catholic objects because bingo challenges bigotry. However, it is simply a card game with swift action for poor people, who pay fifty cents to enjoy a measure of club life . . . and sometimes an extra nickel for another big bugbear of "tolerance" . . . beer. The worst crime of the bingo players is enjoyment and relaxation. . . .

The Greeks had a word for universal—it is Catholic. They also had a word for "choosey"—and our word heresy is not a distant stranger to it.

Cincinnati, O.

ARTHUR J. CONWAY

DEDICATIONS

EDITOR: It is interesting to contrast H. C. G.'s quotation of Leacock's dedication (*AMERICA*, September 12, 1942): "To my wife, without whose help this book would have been written in half the time," with one of Chesterton's in a similar vein found in his *St. Thomas Aquinas*: "To Dorothy Collins, without whose help the author would have been more than normally helpless."

The jester expends gratitude with humor—at his wife's expense. The philosopher does likewise, but with his own coin.

Baltimore, Md.

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(THE Northern Newspaper Syndicate of the planet Saturn has exclusive rights to publish the experiences of Gulla Ver, Jr. Mr. Gulla Ver, a native of Jupiter, who moved to Saturn at an early age, encountered a severe star-dust storm on one of his interplanetary expeditions, and fell on a hitherto unknown planet, Earth, into a city of toy-like buildings called Washington. Upon regaining consciousness, Mr. Gulla Ver found himself lying on his back with his arms and legs pinioned with masses of tiny chains, while thousands of small creatures, none of them more than six feet in height, swarmed about him. Though Mr. Gulla Ver is only 752 feet tall (he is called "The Runt" by his Saturnine friends), his bulk appeared gargantuan to the pint-sized Earthians. Viewing the tiny creatures at first as an unknown species of insect, he was astonished to discover they were actually human beings. Finally persuaded of Mr. Gulla Ver's pacific intentions, the Earthians removed his chains, erected a special hangar for his residence, and taught him the difficult United States dialect. Mr. Gulla Ver's latest dispatch follows. . . .

The enormous difficulties which previously attended my communications with the tiny Earthians have now been largely overcome. At first, when I spoke in my normal voice, many Earthian ear-drums were ruptured, and when the little people attempted to converse with me in their normal tone I could not hear them. A muffler for my voice and a magnifier for the Earthians have now been built, and conversation has become quite easy. Hundreds of thousands of the diminutive citizens from all parts of the land come to see me each week. They are required to pay a certain sum for admission to my hangar, and the money is expended on my food, the amount of which is regarded as colossal by Earthians, although my appetite is considered sub-normal by Saturninians. . . . The tiny men, women and children coming to view me pass by on a large gallery built near my face. At first, I felt very much embarrassed when I observed the awestruck expression which appeared on their faces as their eyes lighted on me. Now, however, I am perfectly at ease in their presence and converse with them just as though I were of Earth and not from a different and better planet. . . . They ask me all sorts of questions about Saturn, and I sometimes fear they do not believe me, as it must be difficult for them, knowing only the Earth, to credit the vastly superior civilization which prevails on my own beloved globe. . . . On the other hand, I realize that Saturninians, reading my dispatches, may feel I am pulling the long bow when I describe the strange customs of the Earthians. . . . Thus, I may be regarded as a tall liar by the inhabitants of both planets. . . . I am determined, however, to put down just what I see and hear, secure in the knowledge that time will vindicate me. . . . Soon after the throngs commenced passing before my face, I noticed that the women had red paint smeared across their mouths and red paint on their finger nails. I observed also that the men were unpainted, whereupon I inquired of a male citizen whether this daubing was compulsory for women. He replied: "No, it is not. They think the red paint on their mouths makes them look beautiful, and they smear their fingernails because that is the fashion." . . . Further conversation brought to light the fact that not only the women, but also the men are dominated by a mysterious thing called Fashion. . . . One of the Earthian fashions is the practice of polygamy under a euphonious name. A university professor explained this as follows: "We shrink from the term polygamy, but achieve it practically through a device known as divorce." . . . Earthian husbands and wives are thus able to get rid of each other. JOHN A. TOOMEY

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SIXTY-SEVEN

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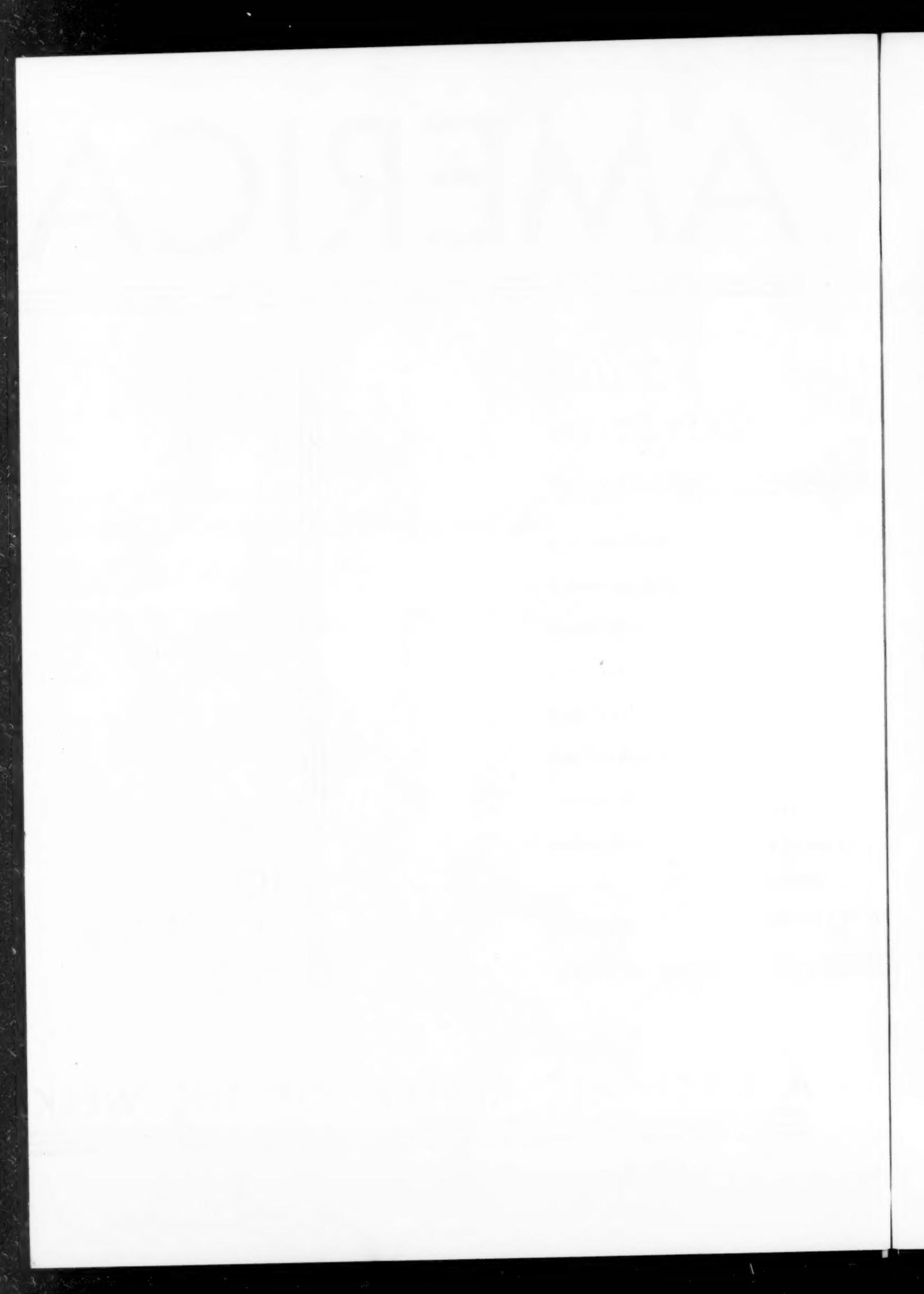
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THE
AMERICA
PRESS
NEW YORK

APRIL 11
TO
OCTOBER 3,
1942

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK



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